

From the Christian Remembrancer.

History of the Girondists ; or, Personal Memoirs of the Patriots of the French Revolution. From unpublished Sources. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. Translated by N. T. RYDE ; with a Biographical Sketch of the Author. London : Henry G. Bohn, 1848.

"As to the title of this book," says M. de Lamartine in his preface, "we have only assumed it, as being unable to find any other which can so well define this recital, which has none of the pretensions of history, and, therefore, should not affect its gravity. It is an intermediate work between history and memoirs. Events do not herein occupy so much space as men and ideas. It is full of private details, and details are the physiognomy of characters, and by them they engrave themselves on the imagination. Great writers have already written the records of this memorable epoch, and others still to follow will write them also. It would be an injustice to compare us with them. They have produced or will produce, the history of an age. We have produced nothing more than a study of a group of men, and a few months of the Revolution."

The fact, we suspect, is, that M. de Lamartine set out with the intention of writing the history of the Girondins, who then happened to be the idols of his changeful fancy ; but, discovering as he proceeded that the Girondins really had no history of sufficient interest and importance to make a book, and finding that "familiarity" with them "bred contempt," he enlarged his subject, took in the whole of the political movement of which the adventures of the Girondins form an insignificant part, and brought into the foreground those Titans of the Revolution to whose superior bulk and power his affections had been gradually transferred.

Incertus scamnum faceretne Priapum,
Maluit esse Deum.

He began a worshipper of Vergniaud and Madame Roland, he ended a Jacobin ; he sat down to write the memoirs of the Girondins, he produced a history of the Revolution. But as he could not wholly recast the work, he still begins with the entrance of the Girondins into public life, and we have a history of the Revolution, continued, indeed, to its natural termination, the fall of Robespierre, but commencing with the death of Mirabeau ! The gathering of the avalanche, and the first part of its cause, are out of sight ; when it first comes upon our view it is rolling at full speed, and half way down the mountain.

The book, as it now appears in its eight formidable octavos, presents, not, as M. de Lamartine, CCXXVIII. LIVING AGE. VOL. XVIII. 37

tine euphemistically suggests, a new form of narrative intermediate between history and biography, which, indeed, would be a strange kind of literary nondescript, but simply a confusion of the two ordinary species—history the most comprehensive intermixed with biography the most minute. We find recorded with equal exactness the state of Europe, and the state of Marat's linen ; the conferences at Pilnitz, and the conversations in the *salon* of Madame Roland ; the debates of the Convention, and the loves and dinners of its members.

Of the strictly historical portions of the work little need be said at present. It is very confused, wanting in even chronological coherence and method, and encumbered to an inordinate extent with petty details of diplomacy which it might be highly instructive to forget. It is also characterized to an extreme degree by that spirit of exaggeration and reaching after theatrical effect which is the besetting sin of all French historians—especially of all French historians of the Revolution. But to this part of the subject we will revert hereafter.

The biographical portion, and those personal details which are akin to biography, constitute the real interest of the book. Not that, even here, we place any great reliance on M. de Lamartine's facts. He does not condescend to mention his authorities, and we suspect that the *unpublished sources*, if narrowly investigated, would be found to resolve themselves mainly into one unpublished and unpublizable source—his own prolific imagination. To strict prosaic accuracy, indeed, he can hardly be said to pretend. The romance is too open and undisguised. Thoughts and actions, that which was whispered in the ear and that which was proclaimed upon the housetop, that which was suffered in the solitary cell and that which was done in the assembly or the battle-field—all is narrated with the same circumstantial accuracy and the same unhesitating assurance. We are very willing, however, to believe that M. de Lamartine's zealous study of all the memoirs and traditions of the actors and victims of the Revolution, and the intimacy at which he sometimes hints with their descendants and connections, may have opened to him some sources of authentic information of a personal nature ; for he abounds in interesting anecdotes and traits of character, and, fallen from his early faith, and revolutionist as he is, there is a certain chivalrous generosity in his nature which leads him to lavish all the powers of his eloquence, and all the brilliancy of his coloring, upon the heroism of the sufferers. For the royal victims he is full of love and pity, and labors, not in vain, to excite the love and pity of his read-

ers. From this portion of his work we propose to make a few extracts.

What Mephistophiles says to the student in Faust may be applied with literal truth to Louis XVI.: "Woe to thee that thou art a grandson!" He inherited a revolution; and as the vices of his ancestors had foredoomed him to be a victim, his own virtues made him fit to be a martyr. He could do nothing; and we believe that, in spite of all those historical critics who are wiser after the event, there was nothing to be done: much was to be suffered, and he could suffer well. In that passive courage which often belongs more to the weak nature than to the strong, to woman than to man, to the Oriental than to the European, Louis XVI. has had few rivals. It enabled him to meet with composure and dignity not only death, but insults and humiliation more bitter to a king than death itself. On the memorable 20th of June, for example, when the mob of Paris, instigated by the Girondins, and led by the ruffians whom they had summoned from Marseilles, had broken into the Tuileries, and forcing the apartment of the king, presented their pikes and muskets at his breast, he stood calm and self-possessed as though he had been in the midst of a crowd of courtiers receiving a deputation at Versailles.

The king was in a deep recess of the centre window; Aclogne, Vaunot, D'Hervilly, twenty volunteers and national guards, made him a rampart with their bodies. Some of the officers drew their swords. "Put your swords into their scabbards," said the king calmly; "this multitude is more excited than guilty." One of the multitude handed a *bonnet rouge* to Louis XVI. at the end of a pike. "Let him put it on! let him put it on!" exclaimed the mob; "it is the sign of patriotism; if he puts it on we will believe in his good faith." The king made a signal to one of his grenadiers to hand him the *bonnet rouge*, and smiling he put it on his head; and then arose shouts of *Vive le Roi*.

Alas! monarchy with a *bonnet-rouge* upon its head was precisely that impossible combination which Lafayette and the constitutionalists had been vainly endeavoring to uphold. Monarchy with a *bonnet-rouge*, and Religion with a tri-colored scarf—such was the constitution of '89. The poor king himself had at last begun to believe it feasible: the queen's instinct taught her better. She knew that Monarchy must wear its crown or die.

Fresh orators mounting on the shoulders of their comrades, demanded incessantly of the king, sometimes by entreaties, sometimes with threats to promise the recall of Roland, (the Girondin chief,) and the sanction of the decrees (against the emigrants and non-juring priests.) Louis XVI., invincible in his constitutional resistance, eluded, or refused to acquiesce in the injunctions of the malcontents. "Guardian of the prerogative of the executive power, I will not surrender to violence," he answered; "this is not the moment for deliberation, when it is impossible to deliberate freely." "Do not fear, sire," said a grenadier of the national guard to him. "My friend," replied the king, taking his hand and placing it on his breast, "place

your hand there, and see if my heart beats quicker than usual." This action, and the language of unshaken intrepidity, seen and heard in the crowd, had its effect on the rebels. * * * *

A fellow in tatters, holding a bottle in his hand, came towards the king, and said, "If you love the people drink to their health!" Those who surrounded the prince, afraid of poison as much as the poignard, entreated the king not to drink. Louis XVI., extending his arm, took the bottle, raised it to his lips, and drank to the nation.

The 10th of August came, the Tuileries were again stormed; the Swiss guards, after a gallant resistance, overpowered and brutally massacred; the king conducted to the Assembly, doomed to listen to the debate on his own dethronement, loaded with cowardly insults, imprisoned with the rest of the royal family, first in the monastery of the Feuillants, and finally in the Temple. From the steeple of the St. Germain l'Auxerrois the first signal had been given for the massacre of St. Bartholomew; from that same steeple was the tocsin first rung for the storming of the Tuileries on the 10th of August; and the gloomy courtyards and blackened towers of the Temple recalled, with the name of its slaughtered order, one of the darkest pages in the annals of the French church and monarchy. But the hour of expiation was also the hour of triumphant martyrdom. Raised now above the region of perplexity and doubt, his course one and clear, his conscience fairly engaged, his duty to God, to the church, and to his people, manifest—the nobler part of the king's nature shone forth in full lustre, and his conduct, from the first day of his imprisonment to the last moment of his life, is full of Christian constancy, patience, and magnanimity. In one particular only he has by some been thought to have betrayed a want of dignity. When arraigned before the Assembly, he pleaded and entered on his defence, departing therein from the example of Charles I., who had refused to recognize the Court of High Commission. But we must remember that the two kings stood in very different relations to the tribunals before which they were respectively brought: Louis had already recognized the Assembly as a lawfully existing power; he had, in all senses, put on the *bonnet-rouge*. This, it may be said, merely throws back the blame upon his previous conduct. Possibly; but his previous conduct proceeded from a sincere, however erring desire to make his people happy; and unless it can be shown that he acted, in this particular instance, from an unworthy love of life, we shall not consider that he derogated from the dignity of a character which must always rest its claims to veneration on moral, not on intellectual qualities.

All his powers of endurance were not too much for that which he was called upon to bear:—

At each story (of a gloomy tower in the Temple) a portion of the royal family and their servants was lodged. Madame Elizabeth in a kitchen, with a

truckle-bed in it, on the ground floor; the men in waiting on the second, and the king on the third floor; a wooden bed, without curtains, and a few seats, were the only furniture of the room. The walls were bare, except *some coarse pictures*.

Rocher (one of the keepers) was one of those men for whom misfortune was a sport, and who growled at victims as curs do at rags. He had been chosen for his bulky stature, his malevolent look, and hang-dog features. Hideously ugly, insolence in his look, grossness in his gestures, foulness in his language, with a hairy cap, a long beard, a hoarse and hollow voice, reeking with the smell of tobacco and wine, the fumes of his pipe, which he incessantly smoked—all combined to make him the visible incarnation of the *dingeon*. He trailed a heavy sabre along the pavement and staircases. From a leathern girdle was suspended an enormous bunch of keys, the noise of which, as he clashed them on purpose, the rattling of the bolts, which he was drawing and undrawing the whole day long, pleased him as other men are pleased by the music and clanking of arms. It seemed as though this music, whilst it bespoke his importance, made captivity sound more dismally in the ears of his prisoners. When the royal family went out for their noonday walk, Rocher, pretending to be looking for the proper key, and trying the locks in vain, made the king and the princesses wait behind him. Scarcely was the door of the first wicket open than he descended with all haste, brushing rudely with his elbow against the king and queen, whilst he advanced to place himself as a watchman at the last gate. There, standing erect, obstructing the free passage, examining their countenances, he puffed from his pipe clouds of smoke in the faces of the queen, Madame Elizabeth and the princess royal.

These outrages, applauded by his brutal comrades, encouraged him to their daily renewal. The national guard on duty assembled daily to witness the repetition of the turnkey's insult to royal dignity. Whilst those who in their hearts resented it, dared not avow their indignation, others offered every insult and mark of disrespect. Shouts of laughter, gross epithets, obscene remarks and songs, followed the king and the princesses. Some wrote on the walls brutal comments on the stoutness of the king, the illness of the queen, or threats of death to the children, as *whelps, who ought to be strangled before they were grown to an age to devour the people*.

They (the royal family) heard, almost at the foot of the tower, the howling of the assassins of September, desiring to force the *consignes*, cut off the queen's head, or at the very least, display at her feet the mutilated trunk of the Princess Lamballe. The 24th of September, at four in the afternoon, the king being asleep, after his dinner, by the side of the princesses, who were silent that they might not disturb his slumber, a municipal officer, whose name was Lulin, came, accompanied by an escort of mounted gendarmerie, and a tumultuous crowd of people, to proclaim at the foot of the tower the abolition of royalty, and the establishment of the republic. The princesses did not desire to rouse the king; they related the proclamation to him on his awaking. "My kingdom," said he to the queen, with a sorrowful smile, "has passed away like a dream, but it was not a happy dream! God had imposed it on me; my people discharge me from it. May France be happy! I will not complain." On the evening of the same day, Manuel,

having come to visit the prisoners, "You know," said he to the king, "democratic principles triumph; that the people have abolished royalty, and have adopted a republican government!" "I have heard it," replied the king, with serene indifference, "and I have made vows that the republic may be for the good of the people. I have never placed myself between them and their happiness."

The king yet retained his sword, the sceptre of a gentleman in France, as M. de Lamartine calls it, and the insignia of the orders of chivalry, of which he was the chief. Of these the republicans resolved to strip him; and this resolution was accordingly conveyed to him by Manuel;—

The fiery (loathsome) Hébert, afterwards so famous (unspeakably infamous) under the name of Pere Duchesne, then a member of the Commune, had asked to be on service this day, to rejoice in that rare derision of fate, and to contemplate in the king's features, the moral torment of degraded royalty. Hébert scrutinized with his eye, and with a cruel smile, the countenance of the king. The calmness of the man in the features of the dethroned sovereign disappointed the curiosity of Hébert.

Not content with having thus surrounded the king with wretches who "thought they saved their country every time they drew a tear," the Commune at last ordered him to be torn from the queen and his family, and imprisoned by himself, in the great tower of the Temple. Here he was attended only by the faithful Cléry, once a revolutionist, whom Petion had made the king's keeper, and compassion had made his friend:—

A morsel of bread, insufficient for the nourishment of two persons, and a small bottle of water, into which the juice of a lemon had been squeezed, was on that day (the first day of his separate confinement) all the breakfast brought to the king. The prince advanced towards his servant, broke the bread, and presented him the half of it. "They have forgotten that we are yet two," said the king to him, "but I do not forget it; take this, the remainder is enough for me." Cléry refused; the king insisted. The servant at last took the half of the bread from his master. His tears bedewed the morsels which he carried to his mouth; the king saw these tears, and could not restrain his own. They ate thus, weeping and regarding each other without speaking, the bread of tears and equality.

The king fell ill:—

Cléry watched in his master's chamber every night; but no sooner was he convalescent, than Cléry fell dangerously ill, and was unable to attend on the dauphin. The child passed the whole day in the dark and cold chamber of Cléry, giving him medicine, and performing all those offices for him which his tender age rendered possible. The king himself, during the night, watching the moment when the commissary was asleep, went with naked feet, and in his shirt, to carry him some medicine.

Meanwhile the Jacobins, overbearing with the concentrated and single-minded energy of perfect wickedness, the great majority of the Convention and the French people, who shunk from the last

atrocities, were driving fast towards the practical realization of their favorite maxim, "*There is no victim more agreeable to the gods than an immolated king.*" Gamain had betrayed the secret of the iron-chest, containing the king's papers, among others the secret treaty of the court with Mirabeau, and positive proofs of the corruption of the great revolutionary chief, whose ashes were accordingly ejected from the Pantheon. The king was condemned in the Convention, and then tried. Robespierre had the black virtue to ridicule the hypocrisy which talked of justice, and to declare, with little disguise, that the king was doomed to death by revenge and fear. The forms of a trial were, however, to be enacted. Louis XVI. was paraded from the Temple to the bar of the Convention, surrounded by all the appanages of that ferocious puerility which is characteristic of the French nature, in the midst of an army of soldiers drawn up in battle array, and furnished with sixteen rounds of ammunition. There his accusation, which imputed to him, in many counts, and under varied expressions, the crime of being a dethroned king, was read to him; and he was allowed to choose counsel for his defence. Old Malesherbes heroically volunteered to undertake that fatal office. A disciple of Rousseau, and the friend and favorite of Voltaire, Malesherbes paid an unconscious homage to Christianity in the person of his royal client. "If the king," said he, when it was suggested that he might convey to his client, the means of suicide, "*were of the religion of the philosophers*, were he a Cato or a Brutus, he might kill himself; but he is pious, he is a *Christian*, he knows that religion forbids him to take away his own life, and he will not commit suicide." In drawing up his defence the king's predominant wish evidently was to clear his memory from reproach. Of acquittal or mercy he despaired. In pleading before the Convention he pleaded to mankind. Having finished the preparation of his defence, he made a will, in which he had little to bequeath save prayer for all, advice to his family, thanks to his friends, forgiveness to his enemies. It is a document in its way unrivalled; and if M. de Malesherbes read it, as he doubtless did, he must have been again struck with a remarkable contrast between the religion of Christ and the "*religion of the philosophers.*" It is needless to repeat the details of the trial—the sanguinary levity and cowardly ferocity of the murderers, the calm bearing of the victim, and the devotion of his advocates—the *gods*, true gods of a French republican's worship, swarming round the altar of *sacrifice*, and yelping for innocent blood—the night scene of the *appel nominal*, with republican women in tricolored scarfs, pricking down the votes on their cards, and servants handing round ice and lemonade above, while demon passions doomed a king to death in the dim-lit hall below. In all Paris, during the days of the trial, of the debates which ensued, and the *appel nominal*, there was but one peaceful spot. To what spot Malesherbes at length is wending, the bearer of long-expected tidings.

On the morning of the 19th of January, 1793, the gates of the tower opened, and the king saw M. de Malesherbes come towards him. He rose, and advanced to meet his old friend, who, falling at the king's feet, bedewed them with his tears, remaining for a long time unable to speak. Like the painter of old, who veiled the visage of grief from a fear that he could not adequately express the agony of the human heart, Malesherbes, mute with his tongue, endeavored to make his attitude and silence convey the words which he shuddered to pronounce. The king understood him, uttered the word without a change of countenance, raised his friend, pressed him to his heart, and seemed only absorbed in his attempts to console and assure the venerable messenger who brought his death warrant. He inquired, with calm curiosity, and as though not personally affected, the particulars, number of votes, the vote of certain individuals of the Convention whom he knew. * * * He inquired how his cousin the Duc d'Orleans had voted. Malesherbes having informed him, he remarked, "Ah, that affects me more than any of the others!" It was the comment of Cæsar when he recognized the countenance of Brutus among his murderers. He alone roused him to speak.

It is satisfactory to know that the unnatural crime of the Duc d'Orleans shocked and disgusted even Robespierre himself, and rather hastened than retarded the destruction of the perpetrator.

Respite was refused; but, after much demurring, a confessor was granted. With M. Edgeworth the king passed the night before his execution, first in confession and religious preparation for the sacrament, which he was to receive on the following morning, then in "calm and long conversation on the events of the last few months," "inquiring after the fate of several of his friends, lamenting their sufferings, and rejoicing at their flight and safety; speaking of all, not with the indifference of a man who is quitting his country forever, but with all the interest and curiosity of a traveller who, after a long absence, inquires after all those whom he has left." The hours of night were now fast wearing away. Seven o'clock approached, when the king was to have a last interview with his family.

The queen and princesses had learnt during the day, the refusal of the respite, and the order for execution within twenty-four hours from the public criers, who bawled the sentence through every street in Paris. All hope was now extinguished, and all their anxiety was now confined to one doubt—would the king die without having seen, embraced, and blessed them! One last outbreak of tenderness, one last embrace, one last word and look to treasure up; all their hopes, desires, and supplications, were bounded there. Grouped since the morning in silence and tears in the queen's apartment, they only learnt late in the evening the decree of the Convention, permitting them to see the king. This was a joy amidst all their despair, and they prepared themselves for it long before the time. Pressing round the door, questioning the commissioners and gaolers, it seemed to them that their impatience would hasten the hours, and that the beating of their hearts would force the doors to open sooner.

The king, though in appearance more calm, was in reality no less agitated. He had never had but

one affection—his wife ; one friendship—his sister ; one joy in his life—his children. These tender-nesses, distracted and chilled, though never extin-guished on the throne, had been warmed and re-vivified in his heart since the attacks of adversity, and more than ever since his captivity. One idea troubled this interview beforehand—the idea that this last interview, in which nature would vent it-self with the freedom of despair and the *abandon* of tenderness, would be watched by the gaolers ; that the most secret emotions of the husband, wife, mother, sister, father, daughter, and son would be counted, and perhaps criminated, by their enemies. The king availed himself of the terms of the decree of the Convention, to demand that the interview should take place in private. The commissioners, responsible to the commune, and who at the same time did not venture openly to disobey the Conven-tion, deliberated how they could reconcile the in-tentions of the decree with the rigor of the law, and it was agreed that this interview should take place in the *salle à manger*, which opened by a glass door into the commissioner's apartment, who could thus still watch the king, and by this means, though their gestures and tears would be profaned by the presence of strangers, their words at least would be unheard. The king, a short time before the hour appointed for the interview, left his confessor in the turret, and descended into the *salle à manger*, to prepare it for this last farewell. "Bring some water and a glass," said he to his attendant. A carafe of iced water stood on the table. Cléry pointed to it. "Bring some water which is not iced," said the king ; "if the queen drank that, it might be in-jurious to her."

The door at last opened ; the queen, leading her son by the hand, threw herself into his arms, and strove to lead him to her chamber. "No, no," whispered the king, clasping his wife to his heart ; "I can only see you here."

Madame Elizabeth followed with the princess royal ; and Cléry closed the door after them. The king gently forced the queen to seat herself on his right, and his sister on his left, and he then sat down between them, so close that their arms encir-cled his neck, and their heads rested on his breast. The princess royal, her long hair hanging dishevelled over her shoulders, laid her head on his lap, and the dauphin was seated on his father's knee, and had one arm round his neck.

These five persons thus grouped, their faces hid-den on the king's breast, formed in the eyes of the spectators one mass of heads, of members, from whence escaped in caresses and murmurs of anguish the despair of these five souls joined in one, to burst forth and die in a single embrace.

More than half an hour elapsed without a single word being spoken ; it was a lamentation in which the voices of father, wife, sister, and children were lost in the general sorrow, and at intervals burst forth into cries so shrill, so agonizing, that they penetrated through the walls of the Temple, and were heard in the adjacent *quartière*. At length physical weakness caused them to cease, tears dried on their eyes, and a conversation in whispers, inter-rupted by kisses and embraces, lasted for two hours. No one overheard these confidences of a dying man to the survivors : the tomb swallowed them up in a few months. The princess royal alone guarded the traces in her memory, and revealed in after years what confidence, policy, and death can reveal, of the tenderness of a father, the conscience of a dying man, and the secret instructions of a king. Mutual

recital of their thoughts during their separation ; repeated recommendations of sacrificing all ven-geance to God, if ever the fickleness of the people, which is the fortune of kings, should place his enemies in their power ; supernatural soarings of the mind of Louis XVI. to Heaven ; sudden out-breaks of tenderness at the sight of those beloved beings whose arms seemed to enfold and detain him on earth ; vague hopes exaggerated by a pious fraud to alleviate the sorrow of the queen ; resignation to the will of God, sublime prayers that his life should not cost the nation one drop of blood ; lessons rather Christian than royal, given and repeated to his son — all this, mingled with kisses, tears, embraces, prayers, and more secret and tender advice whis-pered in the queen's ear, occupied the two hours of this melancholy interview. Nothing could be heard but a confused and gentle murmur. The commis-sioners cast a furtive glance from time to time through the glass door, as though to warn the king that time was rapidly wearing away.

When at last they had given vent to their tender-ness and tears, the king rose, clasped them all in a long embrace. The queen throw herself at his feet, and entreated him to permit them to remain with him through the night ; this, however, he refused through tenderness for them, alleging, in excuse, the necessity of a few hours' tranquillity to prepare himself for the morrow, but he promised his family to have them summoned the next morning at eight. "Why not at seven?" said the queen. "Well, then, at seven," replied the king. "You promise us?" cried they all ; "Yes, I promise you," re-peated the king. The queen, as she crossed the ante-chamber, hung round the king's neck ; the princess royal and Madame Elizabeth encircled him with their arms, whilst the dauphin, holding a hand of his father and mother, gazed earnestly at the for-mer. As they approached the staircase their cries redoubled ; at last, the king retreated a few paces, and stretching out his arms to the queen, "Adieu—adieu," cried he, with a gesture and voice which revealed at once a whole past life of tenderness, a present of anguish, a future of eternal separation, but in which could be distinguished an accent of seren-ity, hope, and religious joy, which seemed to indi-cate the vague, yet confident hope of a reunion in a better world.

At this adieu the princess royal fainted at her father's feet. Her mother, aunt, and Cléry, raised and carried her to the stairs, whilst the king covered his face with his hands, and turning on the threshold of his chamber, "Adieu," cried he, in a broken voice, as he closed the door, and hastened to the turret, where the priest awaited him. The agony of royalty was over.

The king exhausted, sat down on a chair, and remained for a long time unable to utter a word. "Ah ! monsieur," he said at length, to the Abbé Edgeworth, "what an interview I have had ! Why do I love so fondly ! Alas !" he added after a pause, "and why am I so fondly loved ! But we have done with time," he added, in a firm tone ; "let us occupy ourselves with eternity."

With eternity the king was occupied, when

The day began to dawn in the tower through the iron bars and planks which obstructed the light of heaven. There were distinctly heard the noise of the drums beating in all quarters, the *rappel* for the citizens to get under arms, the trampling of the horses of the *gendarmérie*, the rolling of the wheels of cannons and tumbrels, which were arriving at

their stations in the courts of the Temple. The king listened to these sounds with indifference, as he explained them to his confessor. "It is in all probability the national guard assembling," he said, at the first noises. A few moments afterwards they heard the trampling of a numerous body of horse on the pavement at the foot of the tower, and the voices of the officers as they arranged them in order. "Here they come," he exclaimed; and he said so without impatience or fear, like a man who arrives first at a rendezvous, and is kept waiting. And he waited long. *For nearly two hours they came knocking at the door of his chamber under various pretexts*, and at each summons the confessor believed it the final order. The king rose without hesitation, opened the door, and having replied, resumed his seat. At nine o'clock there was a tumultuous noise of armed men on the staircase, and the doors were suddenly opened. Santerre appeared, attended by twelve municipals, and with ten gendarmes, whom he arranged in two lines in the apartment. The king opened the door of his cabinet, and said in a firm voice, and with an imperious gesture to Santerre, "You are come for me; I will be with you in an instant; await me there." He pointed with his finger to the threshold of the chamber, closed the door, and knelt once more at the priest's knees. "All is consummated, my father," he said; "give me your blessing, and pray to God to sustain me to the end." He then rose, opened the door, advanced with a serene air, the majesty of death on his brow and in his looks, and placed himself between the double row of gendarmes. He held a folded paper in his hand; it was his last will and testament. He addressed himself to the municipal guard in front of him, saying, "I beg of you transmit this paper to the queen!" * * A look of astonishment at this word on the republican countenances made him recollect that he had mistaken the word;—"to my wife," he said, recovering himself. The municipal retreated, saying savagely, "That is no affair of mine; I am here to conduct you to the scaffold."

This man was Jacques Roux, a priest, who had left his order, and cast of all feeling with his frock. "True," said the king with a saddened air; then, looking at all the guards, he turned to the one whose countenance expressed some tenderness of heart; his name was Gobeau. "Transmit, I pray you, this paper to my wife—read it if you will; these are wishes that the Commune should know." The municipal, with the assent of his fellows, took the testament.

On the way to the scaffold the king asked the Abbé Edgeworth to lend him his breviary, and he sought with his finger and eye the Psalms whose peculiar structure suited his situation. The sacred songs uttered in broken accents by his lips, and echoing from his soul, drew his eyes from the horses and the sight of the people during the whole progress from prison to death. The priest prayed beside him. The gendarmes in the carriage wore on their countenances the expression of astonishment and admiration, which the pious calmness of the king inspired. Some cries of pardon were heard, when the carriage drove away, from the mob assembled at the entrance to the Rue du Temple, but died away unechoed in the throng, and the general repression of popular feeling. No insult, no imprecation arose from the multitude. If it had been asked of each of these two hundred thousand citizens, actors, or spectators of this funeral of a living man, "Must this man—one against all—

die?" not one would have replied, *Yes*. But circumstances were so combined by the misfortunes and pressure of the times, that all accomplished unhesitatingly what, isolated, none would have consented to. The multitude, by the mutual action which it exercised on itself, prevented itself from yielding to its sympathy and horror—like a vault, where each stone by itself has a tendency to give way and drop, but where all remain suspended by the resistance which pressure opposes to their fall!

The carriage drew up a few paces from the scaffold—two hours had elapsed since it left the Temple.

When the king perceived that the carriage had stopped, he raised his eyes from his book, and, like a man who pauses for an instant in his reading, leaned towards his confessor, and said to him in a low tone, "We have arrived, I think?" The priest's reply was a silent but significant gesture. One of the three brothers Samson, the executioners of Paris, opened the door. The gendarmes got out, but the king closing the door, and placing his right hand on the knee of his confessor with a gesture of protection, "Gentlemen," he said, authoritatively, to the executioners, gendarmes, and officers who pressed round his wheels, "I recommend to your care this gentleman! Take care that he be not insulted after my death. I charge you to watch over him!" No one replied. The king repeated this admonition to the executioners, even still more impressively. One of them interrupted him. "Yes, yes," said he, with a sinister tone, "make your mind easy—we will take care—let us alone." Louis alighted from the carriage. Three of the executioners' attendants came towards him, and wished to undress him at the scaffold foot. He waived them off with majesty; took off himself his coat, cravat, and turned down his shirt. The executioners again came towards him. "What do you desire to do?" he murmured indignantly. "Bind you," they replied; and they took his hands in order to fasten them with cords. "Bind me!" replied the king, with a tone in which all his ancestral blood revolted at the ignominy; "No! no! I will never consent! Do your business; but you shall not bind me. Do not think of such a thing." The executioners insisted, raised their voices, called for help, and violence must have ensued. A personal struggle was about to sully the victim at the foot of the scaffold. The king, out of respect for the dignity of his death, and the composure of his last thoughts, looked at the priest as though to ask his counsel. "Sire," said the divine counsellor, "submit unresistingly to this fresh outrage, as the last feature of resemblance between yourself and the God who is about to become your recompense." The king raised his eyes to heaven with an expression in his look which seemed at once to imply resignation and acceptance. "Assuredly," he said, "there needed nothing less than the example of God to make me submit to such an indignity." Then, turning round, he extended of his own accord his hands towards the executioners. "Do as you will," he said; "I will drink the cup to the dregs!"

Supported by the priest, he ascended the steep and slippery steps of the scaffold. The action of his body appeared to indicate a weakness of soul: but on reaching the last step he quitted his confessor, crossed the scaffold with a firm tread, looked at the instrument and its trenchant blade, as he passed, and turning suddenly, he faced the palace and the side where the greatest body of the popu-

face could see and hear him, and making a gesture of silence to the drummers, they obeyed him mechanically. "People," said Louis XVI. in a voice that sounded far in the distance, and was distinctly heard at the extremity of the square, "People, I die innocent of all the crimes imputed to me! I pardon the authors of my death, and pray to God that the blood you are about to shed may not fall again on France!" He would have proceeded; a shudder ran through the crowd. The principal officer of the staff of the troops of the camp round Paris, Beaufranchet Comte d'Oyat, son of Louis XV. and a favorite named Morphise, ordered the drums to beat. A loud and long roll drowned the voice of the king, and the murmur of the multitude. The condemned man turned slowly to the guillotine, and surrendered himself to his executioners. At the moment when they fastened him to the plank, he cast a farewell glance on the priest, who was praying on his knees at the foot of the scaffold. He lived and was in full possession of his perfect soul, until the moment when it was returned to his Creator by the hands of the executioner. The plank sunk, the blade glided, the head fell.

"Fifty years," says M. de Lamartine, "have elapsed since that event, yet the problem still agitates the conscience of the human race, and even divides history into two parties." And then follows a long discussion of this difficult question, edifying, no doubt, to a French reader. For ourselves, we have still the happiness to belong to a portion of "the human race," in which no one is heard to argue that the execution of Louis XVI. was not a most foul and cowardly murder, and condemned as such by the conscience of every individual who took part in it. That innocent blood is pleasing to God, however it may be to the gods, is what no Englishman has yet been found deliberately to maintain. The only point upon which there is any likelihood that history will ever be divided here, is the influence of the murder of Louis XVI. upon the issue of the struggle between France and Europe. Some persons may imagine—some persons, we believe have imagined—that regicide France conquered because she had no alternative left but to conquer or to perish; that despair of reconciliation and fear of vengeance united all her people in one superhuman effort to repulse the armies of the coalition. In answer to such arguments we should think it almost enough to point backwards to Valmy, and forwards to La Vendée. But, in point of fact, it was the bloody atrocities of the French republicans, among which the murder of a fallen and innocent monarch was the most conspicuous, which held the coalition together through the vicissitudes of a disastrous war, which kept Pitt at the head of England, and England at the head of Europe; which converted a war of calculation into a crusade, and made the cause of kings the cause of humanity. We are glad to see that, both in the present instance and in that of the massacres of September, to which similar reasonings have been applied, M. de Lamartine, though with a softness and circuitry of expression characteristic of revolutionary ethics, and enforced by the tyranny of opin-

ion under which he writes, ventures to state his belief that murder, though committed on an enormous scale, and under circumstances of unparalleled atrocity, is still murder, and, as such, will eventually, and notwithstanding all specious appearances to the contrary, prove a departure from sound policy as well as from soft sentiment.

The character of Marie Antoinette, like that of her husband, receives fresh lustre and beauty from the handling of an author who, with all his glaring faults, has unquestionably a heart to feel heroism, an eye to recognize, and a hand to paint it; and who, strange to say, appears throughout to fancy that he is exalting the Revolution in exalting the character of its victims. Wise the queen cannot be pictured, but he has pictured her sublime—leading the king to the scaffold, but ascending it with him—revealing ever new virtues under ever new sufferings; her earthly radiance changing into a heavenly glory, and her soul still mounting upwards as her feet went down into the dungeon and the grave. In council she was nothing; but in danger and affliction she was all—all that a queen, a mother, a wife, and a friend, could be. On the 20th of June, when the mob for the first time stormed the Tuileries, she stood, guarded only by a few devoted friends, in the midst of a sea of male and female ruffians, who summed up in her person all the objects of their hate, fearless for herself, fearful only for her husband and her children:—

A young girl, of pleasing appearance and respectably attired, came forward and bitterly reviled, in the coarsest terms, *l'Autrichienne*. The queen, struck by the contrast between the rage of this young girl and the gentleness of her face, said to her in a kind tone, "Why do you hate me? Have I ever unwittingly injured or offended you?" "No, not me," replied the pretty patriot, "but it is you who cause the misery of the nation." "Poor child!" replied the queen, "some one has told you so, and deceived you! What interest can I have in making the people miserable? The wife of the king, mother of the dauphin, I am a Frenchwoman by all the feelings of my heart as a wife and mother. I shall never again see my own country. I can only be happy or unhappy in France: I was happy when you loved me."

This gentle reproach affected the heart of the young girl, and her anger was effaced in a flood of tears.

After the death of the king she was suffered to remain for upwards of six months in that which had been their common prison, and which had now become to her a living tomb, penetrated neither by hope nor fear. The Convention, meanwhile, was distracted by the death-struggle between the Mountain and the Gironde, which ended in the downfall of the latter, and in the punishment of the more timid assassins of the king by the hands of their more hardened associates. On the 31st of May the Jacobins achieved a decisive victory over their opponents, and the ascendancy of her more pitiless enemies was immediately felt by the queen in a decree of the Convention ordering her

to be separated from her son. The royal boy, whose sweet disposition and touching beauty beam full upon us from the pages of M. de Lamartine, was handed over to the custody of the obscene and brutal Simon, to be by him debased, demoralized, and finally beaten and starved to death. But it was not until the 2d of August that the queen received the sentence of her deliverance, an order for her removal to the Conciergerie, on her way to the revolutionary tribunal and the scaffold. In the Conciergerie she remained till the 14th of October, enduring every sort of privation and insult which the brutal agents of the Commune could devise:—

The queen having expressed a wish for a cotton counterpane, lighter than the heavy covering of coarse wool which oppressed her in her sleep, Bault (the keeper) transmitted this request to the solicitor-general of the Commune.

"How dare you make such a request," answered Hébert, brutally "you deserve to be sent the guillotine."

The 14th of October, at noon, the queen dressed herself, and arranged her hair, with all the decorum which the simplicity and poverty of her garments permitted. She did not affect a display of the rags which should have made the republic blush. She did not dream of moving the regards of the people to pity. Her dignity as a woman and a queen forbade her to make any display of her misery.

She ascended the stairs of the judgment-hall, surrounded by a strong escort of *gendarmes*, crossed through the multitude, which so solemn a vengeance had drawn into the passages, and seated herself upon the bench of the accused. Her forehead, scathed by the revolution, and faded by grief, was neither humbled nor cast down. Her eyes, surrounded by that black circle which want of rest and tears had graved like a bed of sorrow beneath the eyelids, still darted some rays of their former brilliancy upon the faces of her enemies. The beauty which had intoxicated the court, and dazzled Europe, was no longer discernible; but its traces could be still distinguished. Her mouth sorrowfully preserved the folds of royal pride, but ill effaced by the lines of long suffering. The natural freshness of her northern complexion still struggled with the livid pallor of the prison. Her hair, whitened by anguish, contrasted with this youth of countenance and figure, and flowed down upon her neck as in bitter derision of the fate of youth and beauty. Her countenance was natural—not that of an irritated queen, insulting in the depth of her contempt the people who triumphed over her—nor that of a suppliant who intercedes by her humility, and who seeks forbearance in compassion, but that of a victim whom long misfortune had habituated to her lot, who had forgotten that she was a queen, who remembered only that she was a woman, who claimed nothing of her vanished rank, who resigned nothing of the dignity of her sex and her deep distress.

The crowd, silent through curiosity rather than emotion, contemplated her with eager looks. The populace seemed to rejoice at having this haughty woman at their feet, and measured their greatness and their strength by the fall of their most formidable enemy. The crowd was composed principally of women, who had undertaken to accompany the

condemned to the scaffold with every possible insult. The judges were Hermann, Foucault, Sellier, Coffinhal, Deliége, Ragmey, Maire, Denizot, and Masson. Hermann presided.

"What is your name?" demanded Hermann of the accused. "I am called Marie Antoinette of Lorraine, in Austria," answered the queen. Her low and agitated voice seemed to ask pardon of the audience for the greatness of these names. "Your condition?" "Widow of Louis, formerly King of the French." "Your age?" "Thirty-seven."

Fouquier-Tinville read the act of accusation to the tribunal. It was the summing up of all the supposed crimes of birth, rank, and situation of a young queen; a stranger, adored in her court, omnipotent over the heart of a weak king, prejudiced against ideas which she did not comprehend, and against institutions which dethroned her. This part of the accusation was but the accusation of fate. These crimes were true, but they were the faults of her rank. The queen could no more absolve herself from them, than the people from accusing her of them. The remainder of the act of accusation was only an odious echo of all the reports and murmurs which had crept during ten years into public belief, of prodigality, supposed licentiousness, and pretended treason of the queen. It was her unpopularity converted into crimination. She heard all this without betraying any sign of emotion or astonishment, as a woman accustomed to hatred, and with whom calumny had lost its bitterness, and insult its poignancy. Her fingers wandered heedlessly over the bar of the chair, like those of a woman who recalls remembrances upon the keys of a harpsichord. She endured the voice of Fouquier-Tinville, but she heard him not. The witnesses were called and interrogated. After each evidence Hermann addressed the accused. She answered with presence of mind, and briefly discussed the evidence as she refuted it. The only error in this defence was the defence itself.

Many of these witnesses, taken from the prisons in which they were already confined, recalled other days to her, and were themselves affected at seeing the queen of France in such ignominy. Of this number was Manuel, accused of humanity in the Temple, and who gloried in the accusation; Bailly, who bent with more respect before the downfall of the queen than he had done before her power. The answers of Marie Antoinette compromised no one. She offered herself alone to the hatred of her enemies; and generously shielded all her friends. Each time that the debates of the trial brought up the names of the Princesse de Lamballe, or the Duchess of Polignac, to whom she had been most tenderly attached, her voice assumed a tone of feeling, sorrow, and regard. She evinced her determination not to abandon her sentiments before death, and that if she delivered her head up to the people, she would not yield them her heart to profane. The ignominy of certain accusations sought to dishonor her, even in her maternal feelings. The cynic Hébert, who was heard as a witness upon what had passed at the Temple, imputed acts of depravity and debauchery to the queen, extending even to the corruption of her own son, "with the intention," said he, "of enervating the soul and body of that child, and reigning in his name over the ruin of his understanding." The pious Madame Elizabeth was named as witness and accomplice in these crimes. The indignation of the audience broke out at these words, not against the accused, but against the accuser. Out-

raged nature aroused itself. The queen made a sign of horror, not knowing how to answer without soiling her lips. A jurymen took up the testimony of Hébert, and asked the accused why she had not replied to this accusation? "I have not answered it," said she, rising with the majesty of innocence, and the indignation of modesty, "because there are accusations to which nature refuses to reply." Afterwards, turning towards the women of the audience, the most enraged against her, and summoning them by the testimony of their hearts and their community of sex, "I appeal against it to all mothers here present," cried she. A shudder of horror against Hébert ran through the crowd. The queen answered with no less dignity to the imputations which were alleged against her of having abused the ascendancy over the weakness of her husband. "I never knew that character of him," said she; "I was but his wife, and my duty as well as my pleasure was to conform to his will." She did not sacrifice by a single word the memory and honor of the king for the purpose of her own justification, or to the pride of having reigned in his name. She desired to carry back to him to heaven his memory honored or avenged.

After the closing of these long debates, Hermann summed up the accusation, and declared that the entire French people deposed against Marie Antoinette. He invoked punishment in the name of equality in crime and equality in punishment—and put the question of guilty to the jury. Chauveau-Lagarde and Tronson-Ducoudray, in their defence, excited posterity, without being able to affect the audience or the judges. The jury deliberated for form's sake, and returned to the hall after an hour's interval. The queen was called to hear her sentence. She had already heard it in the stamping and joy of the crowd which filled the palace. She listened to it without uttering a single word, or making any motion. Hermann asked her if she had anything to say upon the pain of death being pronounced upon her. She shook her head, and arose as if to walk to her execution. She disdained to reproach the people with the rigor of her destiny and with their cruelty. To supplicate would have been to acknowledge it; to complain would have been to humble herself; to weep would have been to abase herself. She wrapped herself in that silence which was her last protection. Ferocious applause followed her even to the staircase which descends from the tribunal to the prison.

The wretches who surrounded the queen, refused her in her last hours the ministrations of a priest of her own church, and endeavored to force upon her those of some priests of the church of the revolution—constitutional priests as they were termed. These the queen treated rather as the precursors of the executioner than as the ambassadors of Christ, and inflexibly refused to confess herself to them or receive absolution at their hands. Meantime her sister had procured for her the number of a house in the Rue St. Honoré, before which she would necessarily pass on her way to execution, and from the window of which a Catholic priest would be ready to bestow upon her, from above, and unseen by the people, the absolution and benediction of God. Happy in this assurance, the queen, on the night preceding her execution, wrote a letter, full of all that is

Christian, noble, and affecting, to her sister, prayed, and then slept calmly for some hours.

On her awakening, the daughter of Madame Bault dressed and adjusted her hair with more neatness and respect for exterior appearance than on other days. Marie Antoinette cast off the black robe she had worn since her husband's death, and dressed herself in a white gown, emblematic of innocence on earth, and joy for heaven. A white handkerchief covered her shoulders, a white cap her hair. A black ribbon which bound this cap around her temples, alone recalled to the world her mourning, to herself her widowhood, and to the people her immolation.

The windows and the parapets, the roofs and the trees, were loaded with spectators. A crowd of women, enraged against the *Autrichienne*, pressed round the gratings, and even into the courts. A pale cold autumn fog hung over the Seine, and permitted, here and there, some rays of the sun to glitter upon the roofs of the Louvre and upon the tower of the palace. At eleven o'clock the *gendarmes* and the executioners entered the hall of the condemned. The queen embraced the daughter of the concierge, cut her hair off herself, allowed herself to be bound without a murmur, and issued with a firm step from the Conciergerie. No feminine weakness, no faintness of heart, no trembling of the body, nor paleness of features were apparent. Nature obeyed her will, and lent her all its power to die as a queen.

On entering from the staircase to the court, she perceived the car of the condemned, towards which the *gendarmes* directed their steps. She stopped, as if to retrace her road, and made a motion of astonishment and horror. She had thought that the people would have clothed their hatred somewhat decently, and that she would be conducted to the scaffold, as the king was, in a close carriage. Having compressed this emotion, she bowed her head in token of assent, and ascended the car. The Abbé Lothringer placed himself behind her, notwithstanding her refusal.

The cortège left the Conciergerie amidst cries of "*Vive la République!*" "*Place à l'Autrichienne!*" "*Place à la veuve Capet!*" "*A bas la tyrannie!*" The comedian Grammont, aid-de-camp of Ronsin, gave the example and the signal to the people, brandishing his naked sword, and parting the crowd by the breast of his horse. The hands of the queen being bound, deprived her of support against the jolting of the car upon the pavement. She endeavored by every means to preserve her equilibrium, and the dignity of her attitude. "These are not your cushions of Trianon," shouted some wretches to her. The cries, the looks, the laughter, and gestures of the people overwhelmed her with humiliation. Her cheeks changed continually from purple to paleness, and revealed the agitation and reflux of her blood. Notwithstanding the care she had taken of her toilette, the tattered appearance of her dress, the coarse linen, the common stuff and the crumpled plaits, dishonored her rank. The curls of her hair escaped from her cap, and flapped with the breeze upon her forehead. Her red and swollen eyes, though dry, revealed the long inundation of care augmented by tears. She bit her under lip for some moments with her teeth, as a person who suppressed the utterance of acute suffering.

When she had crossed the Pont-au-Change, and the tumultuous quarters of Paris, the silence and

serious aspect of the crowd bespoke another region of the people. If it was not pity it was at least dismay. Her countenance regained the calm and uniformity of expression which the outrages of the multitude had at first disturbed. She thus traversed slowly the whole length of the Rue St. Honoré. The priest placed on the long seat by her side endeavored in vain to call her attention by words which she seemed to repel from her ears. Her looks wandered, with all their intelligence, over the façades of the houses, over the republican inscriptions, and over the costumes and physiognomy of this capital, so changed to her since sixteen months of captivity. She regarded above all the windows of the upper stories, from which floated the tri-colored banner, the ensign of patriotism.

The people thought, and witnesses have written, that her light and puerile attention was attracted to this exterior decoration of republicanism. Her thoughts were different. Her eyes sought a sign of safety amongst these signs of her loss. She approached the house which had been pointed out to her in her dungeon. She examined with a glance the window whence was to descend upon her head the absolution of a disguised priest. A gesture, inexplicable to the multitude, made him known to her. She closed her eyes, lowered her forehead, collected herself under the invisible hand which blessed her; and, being unable to use her bound hands, she made the sign of the cross upon her breast, by three movements of her head. The spectators thought that she prayed alone, and respected her fervency. An inward joy and secret consolation shone from this moment upon her countenance.

On entering upon the Place of the Revolution, the leaders of the *cortège* caused the car to approach as near as possible to the Pont Tournant, and stopped it for a short time before the entrance of the gardens of the Tuileries. Marie Antoinette turned her head on the side of her ancient palace, and regarded for some moments that odious and yet dear theatre of her greatness and of her fall. Some tears fell upon her knees. All her past life appeared before her in the hour of death. Some few more turns of the wheels, and she was at the foot of the guillotine. The priest and the executioner assisted her to descend, sustaining her by the elbows. She mounted the steps of the ladder. On reaching the scaffold, she inadvertently trod upon the executioner's foot. This man uttered a cry of pain. "Pardon me," she said to him, in a tone of voice as if she had spoken to one of her courtiers. She knelt down for an instant and uttered a half-audible prayer; afterwards rising, "Adieu once again, my children," said she, regarding the towers of the temple, "I go to rejoin your father." She did not attempt, like Louis XVI., to justify herself before the people, nor to move them by any appeal to his memory. Her features did not wear, like those of her husband, the impression of the anticipated bliss of the just and the martyr, but that of disdain for mankind, and a proper impatience to depart from life. She did not rush to heaven; she fled from earth, and bequeathed to it her indignation and its own remorse.

The executioner, trembling more than she, was seized with a tremor which checked his hand when disengaging the axe. The head of the queen fell. The assistant of the guillotine took it up by the hair, and made the round of the scaffold, raising it in his right hand and showing it to the people. A long cry of "*Vive la République!*" saluted the

decapitated member and already senseless features.

Such was the murder of Marie Antoinette—a most foul deed, and terribly avenged. If it has been truly said that the blood of Louis XVI. was in the oil that anointed Napoleon, it may be said with equal truth that the blood of the queen was in the hearts of those who won Trafalgar, Leipsic, Waterloo; and that the memory of her murder brought the confederated legions of Europe, and the wild hordes of Asia, the drinker of the Don, and the drinker of the Guadalquivir, to encamp together beside her grave in the captured city of her murderers.

But perhaps there is no character which shines out on us from these pages with such mild glory as that of Madame Elizabeth, the king's sister. The constant and inseparable companion of the royal family in all their trials, caring only for them, fearing only for them, suffering only in their suffering, regardless of her own, like a sunbeam in the darkness of their dungeon, shedding around her grace, resignation, and a better hope, she wends her quiet way through storm and trouble onwards to her rest, unsoiled by the foul speeches that assail her, untouched by the rude hands that drag her to the prison and the axe; an example of what was once French womanhood—now typified by George Sand.

Had not our extracts already run to so great a length, we might gather from M. de Lamartine's volume many traits of heroic endurance worthy to stand beside the story of the royal victims. We will content ourselves with two taken from the shambles of September. While the massacre was going on in the court at the Abbaye—

The prisoners alone did not sleep. Shut up in their cells, or the salles, they listened to all these sounds, which, in their ears, conveyed life or death. At sunrise, two priests, the Abbé Lenfant, the king's preacher, and the Abbé de Rastignac, a religious writer, confined together in the Abbaye, collected all the prisoners in the chapel, and there, from a tribunal, prepared them for death. These two priests were nearly eighty; and their white hair, the visage pale from age, macerated by vigils, and rendered almost divine by the approach of martyrdom, gave their gestures and their words the evangelical solemnity of eternity. All the prisoners fell on their knees; and this ray of religion, amidst a scene of blood, made them feel the presence of a Providence even in their last moments. Scarcely had the two priests extended their arms over their companions, to bestow on them their last benediction, than they were summoned to set the example of martyrdom. Their hands clasped, their eyes raised to heaven, they were hacked to pieces by sabres, without ceasing to pray.

At the Carmelite convent, where a great number of priests had been pent up for the slaughter,

The victims, summoned one by one, were dragged through a little door opening on the garden, and slaughtered on the staircase. The Archbishop of Arles, Dulan, the most aged and venerable of these martyrs, edified the rest by his bearing, and encouraged them by his exhortations. The Bishop of

Beauvais, and the Bishop of Saintes, two brothers of the house of La Rochefoucauld, embraced each other, and rejoiced to die together. Those who were summoned to die, received the kiss of peace, and the prayers for the dying, from their brethren. The Archbishop of Arles was one of the first summoned. "It is you," said a Marseillais, "that shed the blood of the patriots at Arles." "I!" returned the archbishop—"I never hurt any one in my life." At these words he received a sabre stroke across the face, followed by a second that deluged him with blood. At the third, he fell without a groan. A Marseillais dealt him so furious a pike-thrust, that it broke in twain; then mounted on the body, tore away the cross from its neck, and displayed it as a trophy. The Bishop of Beauvais embraced the altar, and then advanced to the door with as much calm and majesty as in a religious procession, followed by all the young priests, on whom he bestowed his benediction. The king's confessor, Hébert, superior of the Eudistes, was the next to fall. Each minute decreased the ranks in the choir; only a few priests kneeling before the altar remained, and soon but one was left.

The Bishop of Saintes, who had his thigh broken in the garden, lay on a mattress in the side chapel, surrounded by the *gendarmes* of the post, who, better armed, and more numerous than the assassins, might have rescued their charge. They, however, surrendered the Bishop of Saintes like the rest. "I do not refuse to die with my brother," replied the bishop, when summoned; "but my thigh is broken, and I cannot walk; assist me, and I will go with joy to meet my death." Two of his assassins supported him by placing their arms around him, and he fell, thanking them. He was the last. It was eight o'clock; the massacre had lasted four hours.

The spectacle displayed by the Gallican church suffering and persecuted in the revolution, as contrasted with its aspect when dominant and persecuting before the revolution, is indeed a remarkable proof how "the wrath of man worketh the glory of God," as its final preservation is of the following words, "the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain." It is wonderful how few of the clergy of that church which had permitted Dubois and Rohan to remain among its bishops, and Voltaire and Diderot among its members, flinched before the fiery furnace, denied their faith, or betrayed the liberties of their church. It is wonderful, after all the scandalous licentiousness of the preceding century, how few were driven by fear, or seduced by passion and opportunity, to renounce the discipline of their order, or violate their vows. When the National Assembly gave itself (to borrow the fine expression of De Maistre) the *sacrilegious pleasure* of declaring the vow of celibacy illegal, and throwing open the doors of the convents, it was necessary to hire a common prostitute to come to the bar of the Assembly and play the enfranchized nun. Nor was the conduct of the priesthood, as a whole, less exemplary, scattered as they were over foreign lands, without any superintendence or control beyond that of their own conscience.

Of the general character of the book before us, we have intimated an opinion which we venture to

think will be confirmed by those who read it. Addition either to the sound philosophy, or to the authentic facts, of history, M. de Lamartine has made none. Whatever he has touched, that has he made to glitter, but quite as often with a false brilliancy as a true. Exaggerated importance, heroism, inspiration, is attributed to the very meanest of the tiger-monkeys whom vanity, greed, or fanaticism drove into the revolutionary arena. The revolution itself, according to the custom of the Michelet school, is worshipped as a kind of abstract entity, with a divine origin and character of its own, apart from and above the human agents in and through whom it triumphed. It becomes the idol of a sort of refined feticism. Everything that belongs to it is great, awful, holy. Each of its orators is a Demosthenes, each of its soldiers an Achilles. All its madmen are prophets, all its madwomen sibyls. The drunkenness, under the influence of which Roget de Lisle composed the *Marseillaise*, after being described with a phenomenal accuracy which must satisfy every scientific mind, is finally designated as a "divine inspiration." Perfect personal beauty appears to have been rather the rule than the exception among the French republicans. With their warlike exploits, M. de Lamartine, ending as he does with the fall of Robespierre, is not very much concerned; but all that he does is done in a style that may well bear comparison with the sublimest fictions of M. Thiers—

Et quicquid Gallia mendax
Audet in historia.

His *Jemappes* reminds us of nothing so much as Livy's *Regillus*. The gods fight amongst men. The *Demoiselles Féni* are an exact counterpart of the *Dioscouri*. The disparity of numbers is kept entirely out of sight; though, according to Napoleon, the French were to the Austrians actually engaged in the proportion of twelve to one. Whether the French or English won the battle of the 1st of June, it would be difficult, from M. de Lamartine's account of the matter, to divine. No French ships appear to have been taken. One, the ever-memorable "Vengeur," went down with all her crew on board, firing her last broadside level with the water—an eternal theme for dithyrambs, both in prose and verse. This is one account. According to another, the glorious vessel surrendered to the "Brunswick," hauled down her own and hoisted British colors; and, after being for two hours in the possession of her captors, sunk with half her crew, while the remaining half, glorified spirits in the land of verse, became imprisoned bodies in the land of prose. We can only say that if the fathers of the revolution were half what their sons believe and represent them to have been, the cardinal doctrine of the new faith is overturned, the progress of the human species is backwards, *Gargantua* has degenerated into a *gamin*, and "perfectibility" is like to remain a "bility" forever.

The causes of the French Revolution lie beyond M. de Lamartine's horizon; but we doubt whether

he would have changed our opinion of them. The writing on the wall which the monarch and his guests could not read, posterity can read all too well; their interpretation is the most dreadful chapter in world-history, a chapter of which, one must fear, too many leaves are yet to turn. From the last years of Louis XIV. to the death of Louis XV., the annals of the French monarchy and the French church are but one vast Belshazzar's feast. The misgovernment of the one, and the corruption of the other, spread famine and atheism throughout the land. From famine and atheism sprang the revolution, naturally, inevitably, justly. But the effect is not better than the cause; and the cause being famine and atheism, the effect will not be the regeneration of mankind.

"A new Christianity," was the designation which M. de Lamartine, in his reply to the address of the Irish conspirators, thought fit to bestow on the revolutionary movement. The blasphemy is a favorite one with all the Michelet and Quinet school, and it is one which offers a certain evidence, though rather of a hideous kind, to the complete identification of all that is good in human nature, and all that human nature can conceive as good, with Christianity. It is not only necessary, as in the case of the sophist, to persuade men that evil is *good*, but you must also persuade them that it is *Christian*, or the conscience of your hearers will at once take fright. In short, to those who have once known Christianity, Christian and good are the same thing. Whether Christian and revolutionary are the same thing, we will give Voltaire and Rousseau leave to say. M. Quinet, in his "*Christianity and the French Revolution*," is at great pains (our readers may conceive at what pains) to prove that the children of the French revolution *loved their enemies*. He is quite right. No code of morality can now be recognized as perfect, which does not include the precept, "Love them that hate you;" and none who have not practised that precept, will satisfy the ideas which mankind now have of moral perfection. But we should like to know where M. Quinet got his doctrine, and what philosophical account he is prepared to give of it. The dilemma is the same, or perhaps more obvious, with regard to the doctrine of humility.

If M. de Lamartine's book does not alter our estimate of the revolution as a whole, neither does he throw much new light on the characters of its principal actors. We had never imagined that Robespierre and Marat were demons, but we always regarded them as unspeakably wicked men, but still as men, with human wants and passions. We are not conscious, therefore, of any particular prejudice which can be removed by learning that the first of these worthies lodged with a joiner, and that the second kept a mistress, and was partial to warm baths. That either of them was a vice, never entered into our minds. After reading all M. de Lamartine's anecdotes and sentimentalities, we are more than ever convinced that both of them were scoundrels.

Above all, what is there so difficult to understand in the character of Robespierre? For the life of us, we can see no mystery, except that mystery which is in every soul of man. Never, it appears to us, was there anything so transparent. True; he did not care for money, but he sold his soul for power and fame; he was as cold as a fish, and as cruel as a tiger; he had very weak nerves, and a very hard heart; he was the softest of sentimentalists, and the most sanguinary of butchers; he was the author of the Rights of Man, and the foulest and bloodiest tyrant that ever scourged and disgraced humanity. We see no contradiction, nothing extraordinary, except the opportunity given for development; we most cordially wish we could. Of course a difficulty, a very considerable difficulty, arises if one regards the author of the "*Rights of Man*," as the author of one's religion. There is a contradiction which it is certainly hard to reconcile. But great is the faith of infidelity. It has swallowed Rousseau, and is fast swallowing Robespierre.

Those who still hold to the "*Duties of Man*," may be content with remarking that if, as M. de Lamartine and others pretend to believe, the end of the terror only *coincided* with the fall of Robespierre, it is remarkable that its beginning should also have coincided with its end.

One character there was with regard to which we were very anxious to hear all that M. de Lamartine might have to say. Indomitable courage, warmth of heart, constancy in friendship, and a readiness to forgive, springing from fearlessness, are qualities which, joined with transcendent genius, we admire in Cæsar, and which it is hard to hate in Danton. But independent of the fact that the one lived in the night of heathenism, the other in the day of Christianity, Danton, while he was less than a Cæsar in ability, was more than a Cæsar in pride, and lust, and recklessness of blood. Traits of an almost childlike tenderness M. de Lamartine, and not M. de Lamartine only, has recorded of him. But of complicity in the death of the king and the massacres of September, he must stand convicted to all time. That blood which, in the crisis of his own fate, palsied his strong arm and sunk his voice of thunder, must blacken his name with eternal infamy. In genius, nothing like or second to him sprang from the revolution, save only the mighty Mirabeau. His eloquence was eloquence indeed—that sweetness which comes out of the strong; he had all the gifts which sway nations in stormy times—all that enables a man to command popularity and to scorn it. Had he lived, there had been no Napoleon. Of the race of the giants, beyond all doubt, he was; but it was of the race of those giants who brought down the waters of the flood upon the earth.

We fully appreciate the judgment displayed by M. de Lamartine in abandoning the Girondists. They were a clique of unprincipled adventurers, and theirs is the often told, though still instructive tale, of men who go half lengths in wicked-

ness. Talents they had, oratorical and literary, of a high, perhaps even of a first-rate order. They might have glittered in the salons of Holbech and Helvetius; they might have charmed the listening senates of a peaceful day; but they had not those "wrestling thews that throw the world," above all, a world of Jacobins. In place of statesmanship, they had a spirit of intrigue, an ostentatious Machiavelism which made them feared without making them formidable, and won them the fatal nickname of "Hommes d'Etat," without winning them a single victory over their enemies. M. de Lamartine does them no more than justice when he calls them the "Pilates of the monarchy." Perfectly, nay avowedly, convinced of the innocence of the king and of the iniquity of his murder, they yet voted for it, from the fear of being outbid by the sanguinary fanatics. Their conscience was vanity, and their God was the people. They brought the Marseillais ruffians to Paris, plotted the 20th of June, overthrew the laws in their own interest, and then expected that others would obey their law. They raised the demon of anarchy, bid him fetch and carry for them, and he destroyed them. Their life was an intrigue, and their death was an orgie. They were great only in their eloquence, virtuous only in refusing the hand of Danton when it was stretched out to them red with the blood of September, happy only in their punishment.

The most interesting, and probably the most influential, member of the party was, after all, Madame Roland. She alone has found favor in the eyes of Mr. Carlyle; weakness condemns the rest. She is the pattern woman of French republicanism; and charms no doubt she had, and intellect, and heroism, though rather of the hysterical kind. But compare her rhetorical, theatrical, ostentatious sentiment with the virtue of a Christian saint! The "Heloise of the 18th century she may have been;" *valeat quantum*. "Heroism, virtue, and love," says M. de Lamartine, "were destined to pour from their three vases at once into the soul of a woman destined to this triple palpitation of grand impression." And this is the sort of religion by which human nature is to live! She condescended to believe in the existence of her Maker, but the faith and worship which he had enjoined to his creatures, unfortunately appeared to her "degradation and slavery." She "kissed the hand of God in his works;" and took her Plutarch to church instead of her prayer book. A visit to the palace, which deeply mortified her sense of her own consequence, seems to have given her the first decided impulse towards the regeneration of mankind. She expressed her triumphant exaltation at the insults endured by the queen on the 20th of June, in language which, if correctly reported by M. de Lamartine, can only be designated as brutal and disgusting. Her death, suffered at the hands of her friend Robespierre, was an assassination. She met it bravely and theatrically; made orations to her fellow-sufferers in prison, wrote an oration to posterity, and fell in an apostrophe to Liberty—unpitied by none—by us not much admired.

Her husband was a man of second-rate intellect, perfectly *bourgeois* in his ideas, honest in pecuniary matters—and thereby favorably contrasted with his leader Brissot—naturally vain, and goaded into ambition by his aspiring wife. Antiquity was his model. He was a Cato under the Christian dispensation; and approached his prototype of Attica about as nearly as Robespierre approached Cæsar. Finding the earth, on which he had consented to the murder of his king, too much stained with crimes to be any longer his abode, he quitted it by the antique exit of self-murder.

In one point of view the Girondists are perhaps more worthy of notice. Of all the parties in the first revolution they had most affinity to the leaders of the present. They were pure republicans, while their adversaries were socialists. They were the disciples of Voltaire—the Jacobins of Rousseau. They looked for the kingdom of Reason—the terrorists for the kingdom of Love. Liberty was their watchword, Equality and Fraternity those of their enemies. Of equality, indeed, they never dreamed. Their ideal was a perpetual administration of "all the talents,"—"all the talents," of course, being themselves.

Our author himself is evidently, in the most essential points of character, a thorough Girondist. We can quite account for his first love as well as for his faithlessness. Cleaner hands than of those who intrigued with Brissot, more practical energy than of those who ranted with Vergniaud, and purer thoughts than of those who blasphemed with Condorcet, he certainly has; but still he bears a general resemblance to the party, not only in the rhetorical powers which carried him, amidst delirious applause, to the head of the revolutionary movement, but also in his dreamy intellectualism, his girlish vanity, his supreme and undisguised contempt for "the vulgar horde" of whom his own power is held; and we suspect, also, in a want of moral firmness, and real statesmanlike qualities. Let any one peruse the account of his interview with Lady Hester Stanhope, given in his "Travels in the East," and judge whether a man, who was in ecstasies at being told by a crazy Pythoness that he "had a great part to play in the world which was preparing," is likely long to ride upon the storm, and gather the winds of sedition in his fist. Let any one note a few of those passages in the "Girondins," in which the lower classes are spoken of, and he will see how much real sympathy can exist between the writer of those passages and the heroes of the barricades. And let any one review the conduct of M. de Lamartine since the days of February, especially with regard to M. Ledru Rollin, M. Louis Blanc, and Louis Napoleon, and he will be able to decide whether the feeble Machiavellism of the "Hommes d'Etat" is altogether without a parallel in their historian. Another "Pilate of the Monarchy" there cannot be; but there may still be a Pilate of order. Does there lurk among the benches of the National Assembly some despicable and despised fanatic, who may play, in miniature, the next part, and become a mitigated Robespierre?

From the Quarterly Review.

Clément XIV. et les Jésuites. Par J. CRÉTEINEAU
JOLY. Paris, 1847.

WE must confess that something like profane curiosity arrested our attention, and compelled us, as it were, to a more careful examination of this book. Its author had previously published a History of the Company of Jesus, in six volumes; and with that patience which belongs to our craft, we had perused them from the beginning to the end. M. Crétineau Joly is so awfully impressed, not only with the greatness of the Jesuit order, but with the absolute identification of their cause and that of true religion, almost with their impeccability, that he can scarcely be offended if we pronounce his work, in our opinion, far below the dignity of his theme. That theme would indeed test the powers of the most consummate writer. The historian of the Jesuits should possess a high and generous sympathy with their self-devotion to what they esteemed the cause of their Master, their all-embracing activity, their romantic spirit of adventure in the wildest regions; but no less must he show a severe sagacity in discerning the human motives, the worldly policy, the corporate, which absorbed the personal ambition; he must feel admiration of the force which could compel multitudes, lustre after lustre, century after century, to annihilate the individual, and become obedient, mechanically-moving wheels of that enormous religious steam-engine, which was to supply the whole world with precepts, doctrines, knowledge, principles of action, all of one pattern, all woven into one piece;—and at the same time exercise a sound and fearless judgment as to the workings of such an influence on the happiness, the dignity of mankind. He must have the industry for accumulating an appalling mass of materials; yet be gifted with that subtle and almost intuitive discrimination which will appreciate the value and the amount of truth contained in documents, here furnished by friends who have been dazzled into blindness by the most frantic zeal—there by enemies who have been darkened into blindness, no less profound, by that intense hatred, which even beyond all other religious orders or bodies of men it has been the fate of the Jesuits to provoke. He must be armed with a love of truth, which can trample down on all sides the thick jungle of prejudice which environs the whole subject; he must be superior to the temptation of indulging either the eloquence of panegyric or the eloquence of satire; endowed with a commanding judgment; in short, which, after rigid investigation, shall not only determine in what proportions and with what deductions the charges entertained by a large part of the best and most intelligent of mankind against the order are well-grounded, but at the same time account for their general acceptance; that acceptance marked sufficiently by the one clear fact that Jesuitism and kindred words have become part of the common language of Roman Catholic, as well as of Protestant countries.

The work of M. Crétineau Joly is too incohe-

rent and fragmentary, too much wanting in dignity and solidity, for a history; it is too heavy and prolix for an apology. It is a loose assemblage of materials, wrought in as they have occurred, as they have been furnished by the gradually increasing confidence of the Jesuits themselves, or have struck the author in the course of rambling and multifarious reading—of passages pressed into the service from all quarters, especially from Protestant writers, who may have deviated through candor love of paradox, or the display of eloquence, into praises of the Jesuits; of long lists of illustrious names, which have never transpired beyond the archives of the order—interminable lists in which the more distinguished among the foreign missionaries and martyrs, and the few who have achieved lasting fame as theologians or pulpit orators, historians, men of letters, or men of science, are lost, and can only be detected by patient examination; of elaborate vindications of all the acts of the whole order, and almost every individual member of it, with charges of ignorance, calumny, heresy, Jansenism, Gallicanism, Protestantism, Rationalism, Atheism, against all their adversaries. The "History of the Company of Jesus" does not appear to us superior to the general mediocrity of those countless ultra-montanist histories, biographies, hagiographies, and treatises, which have been teeming from the Parisian, and even the provincial press of France for the last few years, scarcely one of which, notwithstanding their mutual collaudations, has forced its way into the high places of French literature.

Under these impressions, we might not have been disposed to linger long over this seventh or supplementary volume of Jesuit history from the same pen; but the following paragraph, in one of the earliest pages, (p. 7,) seized upon us like a spell.

Nevertheless, when my labors were ended, I was appalled at my own work; for high above all those names which were conflicting against each other to their mutual shame and dishonor, there was one preëminent, which the Apostolic Throne seemed to shield with its inviolability. The highest dignitaries of the church, to whom I have long vowed affectionate respect, entreated me not to rend the veil which concealed such a pontificate from the eyes of men. The general of the Company of Jesus, who for so many and such powerful motives could not but take a deep interest in the disclosures which I was about to make, added his urgent remonstrances to those of some of the cardinals. In the name of his order, and that of the Holy See, he implored me, with tears in his eyes, to renounce the publication of this history. They persuaded even the sovereign pontiff, Pius the Ninth, to interpose his wishes and his authority in support of their counsels and their remonstrances.

The good Catholic must have yielded, but the author was inexorable. In vain cardinals implored; vain were the bursting tears of the general of the company; vain was the judgment of infallibility itself. The stern sense of justice, the rigid love of truth in an historian of the Jesuits, admitted no compromise, disdained all timid pru-

dence, inflexibly rejected prayers, tears, commands. The hesitating printers were ordered to proceed—the irrevocable work went on. Shall we betray our want of charity if we suggest a further motive for this lofty determination? To us reviewers, unhappily its most pitiable victims, and therefore endowed with a peculiar acuteness in discerning its workings, a new passion seems to have taken possession of the human heart, and to vie with those old and vulgar incentives, the love of fame, money, power, and pleasure. It partakes, to a certain degree, of some of these, but it surpasses them all in its intensity—we mean the love of book-making and of publishing books. Men have sacrificed their children, their sons and their daughters; men have abandoned their country at the call of duty, have given up place, have vacated seats in parliament, have neglected profitable investments of capital;—but who has ever suppressed a book which he expected to make a noise in the world?

The dreadful epilogue, then, has issued from the press; but we most ingenuously acknowledge, that if any unconscious anti-papal prepossession disturbed the native candor of our mind, it has by no means found full gratification. We have not been shocked so much as we hoped by our author's disclosures. We cannot think that the fears of the cardinals will be altogether realized. The devoted heroism of the general of the Jesuits, who would sacrifice the interests, and even the revenge of his order against a hostile pontiff, rather than expose the questionable proceedings of a holy conclave, and the weakness, at least, if not worse, attributed to a pope—even the natural solicitude of good Pius IX. for the unsullied fame of all his predecessors—all these, we suspect, have been called forth without quite adequate cause. The papacy has undergone more perilous trials—recovered from more fatal blows. We can, in short, hold out no hopes to Exeter Hall that their denunciations against the lady in bright attire are hastening to their accomplishment—that Anti-Christ is about to fall by a parricidal hand—that M. Crétineau Joly's is the little book of the Revelations which is to enable them to pronounce the hour of the fall of Babylon.

To the high ultra-montane theory it may indeed be difficult to reconcile these revelations. We cannot be surprised that the historian of the Jesuits should have some serious misgivings when about to immolate a pope to the fame of the suppressed order—to display (as he thinks he displays) a pontiff, raised to his infallibility by unworthy covenants, at least bordering on simony; afterwards endeavoring by every subterfuge to avoid the payment of the price for which he had sold himself; and at length on compulsion only fulfilling the terms which he had signed, issuing with a cruel pang the fatal bull which he himself knew to be full of falsehood and iniquity—and dying literally of remorse.

Such is the pious scope of M. Crétineau Joly's tome.* We, who have nothing to do with the

delicate question of papal infallibility, cannot think that our author has made out his case against Clement XIV. Ganganelli, we still think, was a good and an enlightened man; whose end was calamitous because he wanted the decision and inflexibility absolutely necessary for carrying out the policy which he had fearfully, perhaps reluctantly, undertaken. It required the energy of a Hildebrand either boldly to confront Europe, which was trembling in its allegiance, not merely to the papacy, but to Christianity itself; or to break with the past, and endeavor by wise and well-timed alterations to rule the future. Ganganelli was unequal—but who would have been equal to the crisis? Count St. Priest, in his recent work, has related the Fall of the Jesuits; their expulsion—sudden, unresisted, almost unregretted, at least not attended or followed by any strong popular movement in their favor—from Portugal, from Spain, from France, and even from some of the states of Italy. The "*Chute des Jésuites*" has been translated into English.* It is written with spirit and eloquence; and, on the whole, with truth and justice. Though it is described by M. Crétineau Joly as little trustworthy, (*peu véridique*), we do not discover much difference in the facts, as they appear in the two accounts; nor, where these differ, do we think the advantage is with the later writer. But though this preliminary history is necessary, at least in its outline, to the understanding of "*Clement XIV. and the Jesuits*," the fall—the inevitable fall of the order may be traced, and briefly, to a much higher origin.

The Jesuits, soon after their foundation, had achieved an extraordinary victory. After the first burst of the Reformation they arrested the tide of progress. The hand on the dial had gone back at their command. They had sternly, unscrupulously, remorselessly—in many parts of Europe triumphantly—fought their battle. Where the mighty revolution could only, in all human probability, have ended in anarchy, their triumph was followed with beneficial results; where, as in England, there were materials for the construction of a better system, by God's good providence they were frustrated in their designs. They had terrified the sovereigns of Europe by the regicidal doctrines of some of their more daring writers. These doctrines had been carried into effect by some mad fanatics, and the like attempted by more.

Peace was restored; and from that period the Roman Catholic kings of Europe were for the most part under the dominion of the Jesuits.

Jansenism, Protestantism, Philosophism, Rationalism, Atheism, to hunt the Jesuits, the sole safeguard of Christianity, from the earth; and a regularly organized conspiracy of the ministers Choiseul, Florida Blanca, and Pombal, to expel them from the dominions of France, Spain, and Portugal. The former allegation is true enough, if it means only that a fervid hatred of the Jesuits was common to some of the most religious and many of the most irreligious of mankind; though none protested against the bad usage they met with more strenuously than Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Frederick II. The conspiracy of Choiseul and Co. is a dream.

* In Murray's Home and Colonial Library.

* M. Crétineau Joly supposes a tacit confederacy of

Through them, and by them, monarchs ruled. The Jesuit director was a secret, irresponsible, first minister of the crown, whom no court intrigue could supplant, no national remonstrance force into resignation—he was unshaken alike by royal caprice, by aristocratic rivalry, by popular discontent.

Throughout the same period the Jesuits, if they did not possess a monopoly, had the largest share in public education. Inheriting the sagacity which had induced their great founders to throw off all needless incumbrance of older monastic habits and rules, and accommodating themselves with the same consummate skill to the circumstances of that age, they had endeavored to seize upon, to preëccupy, the mind of the rising generation. Their strength was in their well-organized technical plan of instruction—in their manuals; but above all, in their activity, in their watchfulness, their unity of purpose. They had attempted, it has been well said, to stereotype the mind of Europe. They had been the only schoolmaster abroad; they had cast every branch of learning, every science, in their mould; they had watched every dawning genius, and pressed it into their service; they possessed everywhere large establishments, enormous wealth, emissaries as secret and subtle as unseen spirits, working to this one end, moving with one impulse.

This dominion lasted, with greater or less interruption in different countries, for about two centuries; and all this time these royal races were gradually becoming worn out and effete. How far physical infirmities, from perpetual intermarriages, may have contributed to this result it is beyond us to decide; but, with rare exceptions, the mental growth appears to have been stunted and dwarfed. With all the fears, but without the noble aspirations or the salutary restraints of religion, they were at once inflexibly orthodox—orthodox to the persecution of all dissentients—punctilious in all the outward formalities of Catholicism, and unblushingly, indescribably profligate. In some cases, especially in Spain, secluded as much as oriental despots from all intercourse even with the nobility, they forgot or seemed unconscious of their divine mission, the welfare of their kingdom. The affairs of state were abandoned to an upstart minister or an imperious mistress. Their most harmless occupation was in the sports of the field or costly pomps and ceremonies; disgraceful intrigues and orgies had ceased by degrees to shock the public morals. M. Crétineau Joly has described in Joseph of Portugal, the character of his class:—"Ce prince, comme la plupart des monarques de son siècle, était soupçonneux, timide, faible, voluptueux, toujours prêt à accorder sa confiance au moins digne et au plus courtisan." But who had been chiefly concerned in the training—under whose influence, if not direct spiritual guidance, had grown up, or rather had dwindled down, this race of sovereigns?

At the close of this period, what was the general state of the continent? Religion had become

a form, a habit, a conventional discipline. The morals of the higher orders were fearfully corrupt—the ignorance of the lower preparing them for the wildest excesses when the tocsin of revolution should sound. In most countries—in Italy, Spain, Portugal—the intellect of man might seem dead; the creative fires of genius in arts and letters wavered, expired. Here and there, perhaps, some bold effort was made. An eccentric philosopher, like Vico, uttered his oracles, prudently, or at least fortunately, wrapped in darkness and ambiguity—not only not comprehended, but utterly disregarded in his own day. In France, the one intellectual nation—the great and ubiquitous body-guard of the papacy must succumb, as to their bolder ultra-montane theories, before the pride and power of Louis XIV. The great monarch and the great nation reject the vulgar, abject subordination to the supremacy of Rome; they will remain Catholics, but will not be without some special and distinctive prerogative. The Gallican church, according to the happy phrase of Gioberti, set itself up as a permanent anti-pope. In France, therefore, the Jesuits must content themselves with sharing with the mistress wife, Le Tellier with Madame de Maintenon, the compensatory satisfaction of persecuting the Protestants, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Dragonnades.*

But while some of the loftier minds, like Bossuet, were absorbed in building up their system and asserting the immemorial, traditional, and exceptional independence of the Gallican church—while gentler spirits, like Fénelon, were losing themselves in mysticism—the more profound religion of France broke at once with the cold formalism, the prudent expediency, the casuistic morality, the unawakening theology of Jesuitism. Jansenism arose. Protestant in the groundwork of its doctrine, in its naked Augustinianism; Protestant in its inflexible firmness, in the conscious superiority of its higher spirituality; most humbly Catholic in its language to the See of Rome; Catholic in its rigid asceticism; Catholic, or rather mediæval, in all its monastic discipline and in its belief in miracles—it declared war against Jesuitism, which accepted the challenge

* M. St. Priest, in his preface, has described with perfect truth their rule over Louis XIV. "Le plus fier des hommes, le plus indépendant des rois ne connut d'autre joug que celui des Jésuites, le porta par crainte et l'imposa à son peuple, à sa cour, à sa famille. Une jeune princesse, qu'il aimait, non pas comme son enfant, ce serait trop peu dire, n'ait comme lui même, osa refuser les derniers vœux à un confesseur Jésuite, et n'échappa à la disgrâce que par la mort. Partout leur présence se fit rudement sentir. Un Jésuite, la bulle *Unigenitus* à la main, devenait l'arbitre de la France et la remplit de terreur. Des évêques, dont il avait fait ses esclaves, veillaient au lit de mort du Grand Roi, et lui défendaient la réconciliation et l'oubli; plus tard ce moine rentra dans la poussière, mais son esprit lui survécut. Qui ne rappelle les billets de confession? Des mourants, foute de s'associer aux haines des Jésuites, succombèrent sans recevoir les consolations de l'Eglise."—"Their success was complete; they ruled, without contest, the consciences of the great and the education of youth. They alone were exempt from taxation to which the clergy were compelled to yield," &c.—p. vii.

to internecine battle. Pascal sent out the "Provincial Letters;" Jesuitism staggered; rallied, but never recovered the fatal blow. No book was ever so well-timed or so happily adapted to its time. Independent of its moral power, which appealed with such irresistible force to the unquenchable sentiment of right in the heart of man, that which resists all tampering with the first sacred principles of integrity and truth, the very office and function of casuistry—at a period when the French language had nearly attained, or was striving to attain, that exquisite vividness, distinctness, objectivity of style, which is its great characteristic, appeared the most admirable model of all these qualifications. At a period when high aristocratic social manners and a brilliant literature had sharpened and refined to the utmost the passion and the nice and fastidious taste for wit—came forth this unique example of the finest irony, the most graceful yet biting sarcasm, this unwearied epigram in two volumes. The Jansenists even invaded the acknowledged province of their adversaries. The Port Royal books of education not merely dared to interfere with, but to surpass in the true philosophy of instruction, as well as in liveliness and popularity, the best manuals of the Jesuits.* Jansenism struck at the heart of Jesuitism:—but it was foiled, it was defeated; its convents and its schools were closed; its genius too expired with the first generation of its founders—Arnauld, Pascal, Nicole, Sacy, had no legitimate successors; it became a harsh, a narrow, an unpopular sect; it retained the inflexible honesty and deep religious energy—but the original aversion had been not only retained—that sterner element had been goaded by persecution and fostered by exclusiveness into absolute and inveterate hostility to the established religion; still professedly humble Catholics and loyal subjects, the later Jansenists were at heart dissenters, and in training for severe republicans. But Jansenism, both in its origin as a reassertion of high religious faith, and to its close, as a separate sect, was confined within a certain circle. It had followers, if not proselytes, whose history it might be worth while fully to trace out, in Italy and elsewhere; yet everywhere it was the secession, the self-seclusion of a few, who either dwelt alone with their profound religious convictions and occupations, or communicated by a timid and mysterious freemasonry with a certain circle of kindred minds. They had fallen, and they knew it, on ungenial times. Their sympathies were not with the prevailing religion; they were repelled and revolted by the growing irreligion.

Thus in Europe, more particularly in France, the result of the whole, the melancholy close of

two centuries of Jesuit dominion, or at least dominance, over the human mind, was in the higher orders utter irreligion, or a creed without moral influence; ignorance and the superstition, without the restraint of religion, among the lower. With the aristocracy religion displayed itself as an usage, a form, as a constantly recurring spectacle; it lingered as a habit, perhaps with some stirrings of uneasiness at excessive vice, and was ready to offer a few years of passionate devotion as a set-off against a life of other passions. Never was that compensatory system, which is the danger, we will not aver the necessary consequence, of the Romish confessional and direction, so undisguised or unmitigated in its evil effects. A Lent of fasting and retirement atoned for the rest of the year, however that year might have been spent. The king parted from his mistress, he to the foot of his confessor, she, perhaps, to a convent; intrigues were suspended by mutual consent; the theatres were closed, religious music only was heard. Corneille and Molière gave place to Bourdaloue and Massillon; sackcloth and ashes were the court fashions. The carnival had ushered in—more than a carnival celebrated the end of this redeeming, this atoning, this all-absolving season. The past was wiped off, the bankrupt soul began life anew on a fresh score: in an instant all again was wild revelry, broken schemes of seduction united again, old liaisons resumed their sway, or the zest, thus acquired by brief restraint, gave rise to new ones. The well-bred priest or bishop made his bow and retired; or hovered, himself not always unscathed, upon the verge of the dissipated circle. The director of the royal conscience withdrew his importunate presence, or only attended with the *Feuille des Bénéfices*, to grant some rich and convenient preferment to some high-born abbé; to place at the head, nominally at least, of some monastery founded by a St. Bernard, some successful author of gay couplets, some wit whose sayings had sparkled from salon to salon; to raise to the most splendid prelacies not always Fénéçons or Vincents de Paul. M. St. Priest has a rich sad story of the religion of Louis XV. "You will be damned," said the king to Choiseul. The minister remonstrated, and ventured to observe that his majesty ought to be under some apprehensions, considering his exalted station, by which "elle avait de plus que ses sujets le tort du scandale, et le danger de l'exemple." "Nos situations," replied Louis, "sont bien différentes—je suis l'oint du seigneur!"—(P. 47.) The king explained his views, says M. St. Priest, that God would never permit the eternal damnation of a *Roi très Chrétien, Fils de St. Louis*, provided he maintained the Catholic religion.

Literature had burst its bonds. The Jesuits were reposing in contented pride on their old achievements; they surveyed with complacency, as imperishable, unanswerable, the unrivalled controversial treatises of Bellarmine, or the ponderous tomes of Petavius, who, in desperate confidence in his strength, strove to turn the rationalizing ten-

* It is amusing to observe that but one of the Jesuit books of education keeps its ground, and that (is the Duke of Newcastle alive to the fact?) in daily, hourly use, especially in the greatest of our public schools. Who has suspected that every copy of sense or nonsense verses composed at Eton may be infected by Jesuitism? The "Gradus" is a Jesuit book. Let Dr. Hawtrey look to it.

dencies of the age in favor of an antiquated system, and sacrifice the Bible, the one hope and saving power of Christianity, to the waning supremacy of the church; or such compilations as those of Sirmond, who rivalled the industry, in some respects the honesty, of the great Benedictine scholars. They had indeed, as if even they were conscious that something more popular, more effective, was necessary for their spiritual warfare, their great preacher, the most solid, the most judicious, if not the most brilliant of that unequalled triad of pulpit orators, Bourdaloue, Bossuet, Massillon; they had the most pleasing of the second order, the Père Neuville. But where were those who could stir the depths of the religious heart like the earlier Jansenists, Arnauld, Pascal, Nicole? They had not, perhaps they cared not to have, such perilous enthusiasts, to break in upon their calm, orderly, and systematic rule; still less had they those who could put on the lighter armor, or wield the more flexible weapons which were necessary for the inevitable collision with the new philosophy. They could not encounter wit with that stern rough satire with which it has sometimes been put down, as for instance by Bentley; they could not meet malevolent and ignorant misrepresentations of sacred history by plain and popular expositions of the genuine sacred writings, still less by the vernacular Bible itself, for which they had not prepared the mind—nay, rather had overlaid and choked the innate feeling which would have yearned towards it; they wrote nothing which could be read, published nothing which obtained circulation; they continued to compile and to study folios, when Europe was ruled by pamphlets and tales. They could not perceive that mankind had outgrown their trammels; and, without strength or pliancy to forge new ones, they went on riveting and hammering at the old broken links. On one memorable occasion they attempted to advance with the tide; but so awkwardly, as to earn ridicule for the uncouthness of the effort, rather than admiration for its courage. What must have been the effect of the famous Preface to Newton's *Principia*, on the religious, on the irreligious—on those especially who were wavering in their allegiance to the faith? To the former class the acknowledgment that the new astronomy, though of undeniable truth, was irreconcilable with the decrees, or at least with the established notions of the church, must have been a stunning shock; among the others it could not but deepen or strengthen contempt for a faith which refused to harmonize with that truth which it dared not deny. We have always thought it singularly fortunate that this question arose in England at a time when our Bibliolatry had not attained its height. No sooner had Bentley from the post, then authoritative, of the pulpit in the University of Cambridge, and in his Boyle Lectures, showed the perfect harmony of the Newtonian astronomy with a sound interpretation of the Bible, than men acquiesced in the rational theory that the Scriptures, unless intended to reveal astronomical as well as moral and religious truth, could

not but speak the popular language, and dwell on the apparent phenomena of the universe in terms consistent with those appearances.

But while in Europe Jesuitism, unprogressive, antiquated, smitten with a mortal lethargy, retained any hold on the human mind only by the *prestige* of position, an all-embracing organization, and a yet unextinguished zeal for proselytism among the rising youth:—in its proper sphere—in more remote regions—it was still alive and expansive. It was still the unrivalled missionary; it was winning tribes, if not nations, to Christianity and to civilization.

In the East, indeed, the romance of its missions had passed away with Xavier and his immediate followers. In all that world their success had ceased to be brilliant, and their proceedings became more and more questionable. The much-admired Chinese had become more and more blind and obdurate to the teachings of Christianity; still, however, they fully appreciated European knowledge—they retained the Jesuits in high honor as scientific instructors, while they treated them with secret or with open contempt as preachers of religion. In other parts of the East the fatal quarrels between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic, and the still fiercer collisions between the different orders of the Roman Catholic missionaries, had darkened the once promising prospects of Christianity. The Jesuits were accused of carrying their flexible principle of accommodation to such an extent, that instead of converting idolaters to the faith, they had themselves embraced idolatry. Europe had rung with reclamations against their overweening arrogance, their subtle intrigues, their base compliances. The work of the Capuchin friar, Norbert, which embodied all these charges, had made a strong impression at Rome. They had been condemned by more than one pope; but, at that distance, while they still professed their profound, unresisting, passive obedience to the see of Rome, they delayed, they contested, they sent back remonstrances; they complained of being condemned on unfair, partial, and hostile statements; appealed to the pope against the pope; disregarded mandates, eluded bulls; did everything but obey. The Cardinal Tournon was sent out to make inquiries, and with summary powers of decision on the spot;—they harassed him to death.

But, if it fared thus with them in the oldest part of the Old World, in the New they were the harbingers, the bold and laborious pioneers of discovery; the protectors, the benefactors, the civilizers of the indigenous races. If in North America the red man could ever have maintained a separate and independent existence; if he could have been civilized, and continued as a progressive improving being, it would have been by the Jesuits. If in those trackless wilds was found any rivalry between the different orders and their missionaries, it was the generous rivalry of religious adventure, of first exploring the primeval forest, the interminable prairie, of tracing the mighty river, of bringing new tribes into the knowledge of the white

men; of winning their confidence, learning their languages, taming them, and endeavoring to impart the first principles of Christian faith by the ministrations of Christian love. Mr. Bancroft, in his history of his own country, has well told, and told with truly liberal sympathy, the history of the Jesuit missions of North America. It is impossible not to pause with admiration on such efforts, although they were in their nature desultory, and led to no permanent results. But it was far otherwise in South America; in Paraguay the Jesuits had founded those republics, those savage Utopias, the destruction of which was the crime and calamity attendant on the abolition of the order. There they had free scope; their wisdom and benevolence, their love of rule, working on congenial elements, brought forth their fruits abundant, without exception! Among the South American Indians, child-like, absolute submission was advancement, happiness, virtue; the mild, unoppressive despotism of a fatherly government. It would have required years, perhaps centuries, before those simple tribes had outgrown the strong yet gentle institutions under which they were content to live. We have directed attention on another occasion to the singular resemblance between the institutions of the Jesuits in Paraguay and those of primitive Peru. In Paraguay, the Jesuits were the Manco Capac of a poorer, more docile, more gentle, but not less happy race. Nothing could be more unjust, ungrateful, or impolitic, than the conduct of Spain and Portugal with regard to that country. By their reckless and capricious exchange of vast, and almost unknown territories, the sovereigns or their cabinets destroyed with one stroke of a pen the work of centuries; they seem not to have wasted one thought on the great experiment, which for the first time was making with any hopes of success, towards raising up in the depths of South America a race of Christian subjects, who would never have denied their allegiance to their European master. If all accusations against the Company of Jesus had been equally groundless with those adduced against them on this subject, history would fearlessly have recorded its verdict in their favor.

They were charged with breaking the rule of their order by engaging in commerce. In other countries, and more especially in the well known case of Lavallete, there was no doubt strong foundation for the charge; but here their utmost crime could have been only the assisting those whose territory, by their well regulated system of industry, they had made productive, in exporting their surplus commodities, and exchanging them for others which they might need. They were afterwards arraigned as having stimulated resistance among the Indians, who had been transferred by a few lines of ink from one crown to another. The resistance never took place—it was altogether imaginary and fabulous; and, though to excite it might have been unbecoming and inconsistent in the sworn servants of passive obedience to authority civil as well as ecclesiastical, we are almost

liberal enough to think that to follow such advice, if given, might have been justifiable on the part of the Indians. The whole affair is a melancholy illustration of the ignorance, supercilious arrogance, and utter disregard of the great interests of humanity, too common among the statesmen of that period. We do not indeed see why the abrogation of the order in Europe should have inferred necessarily the destruction of their great work in South America; they might have maintained their authority there under a commission from the crown, not as a religious society, but as a kind of civil government, a local administration under certain regulations, subordinate and responsible to the mother country. The most curious part of this whole transaction is, that Pombal feared, or affected to fear, that negotiations were going on between the Jesuits and the court of London, either to declare the independence of the settlements in Paraguay under the protection of England, or to annex them to the dominions of the British crown. He speculates, in a remarkable dispatch published by M. St. Priest, on the appearance of a British armament in the river Plate, (in case Portugal should join France and Spain in a war with England,) and seems to entertain no doubt that they would be welcomed, and received as allies, by the whole Jesuit order. Conceive at that period, some fifteen years before Lord George Gordon's riots, Jesuit republics in South America under the patronage, if not received as subjects of, George III.!

But we must proceed to the fall of the Jesuits, thus inevitable in Europe, not, as we have said, from any deliberate and organized confederacy against them, but brought to an immediate crisis by accidental circumstances—the hatred of an ambitious and upstart minister in Portugal, the pretended religious scruples of a royal mistress in France, the aversion which sprang from fear in the mind of the best and most rational king that had ruled in Spain since the accession of the Bourbons—the one of that breed that had some will of his own. Their hour was come; they had fulfilled their mission; the world was far beyond them—the eighteenth century had passed its zenith, it was declining towards its awful close; that which was of the sixteenth, notwithstanding its pliancy, and power of accommodation to political and social change, was out of date. The world was utterly astonished at the ease with which it shook off the yoke of the Jesuits. There had been a vague and almost universal awe of their power, wealth, and influence. They had been supposed to have a hold in every family, if not on the attachment, on the fears of every Roman Catholic heart. They were thought to possess the secrets not only of every court, but of every private household; to conduct a secret correspondence extending over all Christendom, and propagated with the speed of an electric telegraph; to command enormous wealth, unscrupulously obtained, and expended as unscrupulously; to transmit orders with a fine and imperceptible touch, like the spider, to the extremity of their web, in

constant and blind obedience to which every Jesuit in every part of the world bent all his faculties, and concentrated all these influences on the immediate object; as their enemies asserted, and many who were not their enemies believed, if that object was the power, the fortunes, the life of any devoted individual, he was suddenly struck by some unseen hand; he was carried off by some inscrutable means. From each of the great Roman Catholic kingdoms this formidable body was expelled unresisting, under circumstances of extreme harshness and cruelty, by measures of gross injustice, executed in a manner to excite the compassionate sympathy of all the candid and generous. In Portugal, the adventurer Pombal led the way; and this upstart minister dared to crush by one blow, to involve in one common ruin, the Jesuit community and the old nobility of the land. This too by acts of the most insulting and revolting cruelty—especially the public execution of the greatest family in the country, even its females, as concerned in a conspiracy against the life of the king—a conspiracy, no doubt, real, but stretched to comprehend all those whose ruin had been sworn by Pombal. The Jesuits were not merely driven without mercy from the realm, but some, especially Malagrida, at the worst a dreaming enthusiast, probably a harmless madman, were burned for heresy. Pombal employed the Inquisition to sear as it were the last vestiges of Jesuitism.

The Duke de Choiseul, the libertine and unbelieving minister of Louis XV., extorted the condemnation of the Jesuits from the reluctant and superstitious king. A few parliaments feebly remonstrated, a few unregarded voices were raised against the sacrifice; but it was accomplished without the least difficulty or struggle. In Spain Charles III. had thrown himself among the adversaries of the order with something almost of personal hostility. The Jesuits had been seized, with all the secrecy of a conspiracy, at one moment throughout Spain, embarked in wretched and insufficient vessels, and insultingly cast, as it were, on the pope's hands, to maintain them as he might, with hardly a pittance out of their confiscated property.* Naples and Parma had followed the example; Piombino, Venice, Bavaria, all but Austria, either openly joined or were prepared to join the anti-Jesuit league.

* As to a passage connected with this business, on which M. C. Joly impeaches the accuracy of M. de St. Priest, that writer has adopted the very language of the French ambassador at Rome, M. d'Aubeterre. When the Spanish Jesuits, to the number of 6000, had been suddenly seized, crowded into small vessels, more like slave-ships than transports, with hardly any provisions, and under orders to discharge them at once upon the papal territory, the pope, indignant at this insult added to injustice and cruelty, and fearing the famine which this sudden importation might cause among his people, issued directions to warn off the Spanish vessels, by turning the guns of Civita Vecchia against them. The general of the order had acquiesced in this hard necessity. The Jesuits, thus, as it seemed to them, inhospitably driven from those shores by their natural protectors, broke out, according to M. d'Aubeterre, in loud murmurs, clamors, even curses, against the pope and their own superior. And is it *prima facie* improbable that some, that many of these poor, starved, sickness-suffering men, under a blazing sun,

About this juncture died Clement XIII. (Rezzonico.) This pope—a man of profound piety, with views of the supremacy hardly lower than those of Hildebrand or Boniface VIII.—had stood alone against Europe in favor of the Jesuits, as the great champions of the papacy and of Catholicism; he had approved the saying uttered by, or attributed to, their inflexible general, Lorenzo Ricci, on the proposition to appoint a vicar of the order in France: "Sint ut sunt, aut non sint." He had threatened an interdict against the Duke of Parma; the duke, strong in the support of the kings of France, Spain, and Naples, replied in a tone of haughty defiance; these powers threatened, and, indeed, commenced hostilities. Maria Theresa, to whom alone the pope could look for succor, coldly refused to involve herself in a war for such an unworthy object. Clement XIII. (writes M. St. Priest) "était un pape du douzième siècle égaré dans le dix-huitième." On the 9th of February, 1769, broken-hearted, as it is said, at the prostrate state of the papacy, he was released from this perilous strife.

On the 13th of the same month met that conclave, the secrets of which M. Crétineau Joly professes to reveal with a damning distinctness—impelled, in spite of all remonstrances, to drag to light with remorseless conscientiousness all the base manœuvres, intrigues, acts and threats of violence, corruptions, venalities, simonies, and weaknesses which disgraced that august assembly. We, who in the course of our historical studies have caught glimpses, at least, if not clear revelations of the proceedings of other conclaves, contemplate his picture (as we have already hinted) without the anticipated surprise. From those days, centuries before the election was vested in the college of cardinals, when the heathen historians described the streets of Rome as running with blood in the contest between Damascus and Ursicinus—from the days when Theodoric the Ostrogoth and the Exarch of Ravenna were compelled to interpose in order to maintain the peace of the capital—down through the wild tumults of the ninth and tenth centuries—the succession of popes at Avignon, appointed by the court of France—the frequent collisions of pope and anti-pope, till the councils of Pisa and Constance took on themselves to decide between three infallible heads of Christendom—the less violent but not less antagonistic struggles of the great European powers to obtain a pontiff in the French, or Spanish, or Austrian interest—throughout the papal history, in a word, the election of the Bishop of Rome has been the centre either of fierce conflict or of subtle diplomatic negotiation. All the great Roman Catholic states were now leagued together for one end—the abolition of the Jesuits; to this they were solemnly pledged by

heaped together like bales of Africans in the middle passage, could not control their natural indignation, forgot that they were Jesuits, and remembered that they were men? Or shall we say that all this was not pardonable even in monks inured to the most entire and prostrate submissiveness?

their own irrevocable acts, by their pride, and by their fears—it might be by a strong conviction as to the wisdom of their policy, as well as by that hatred which becomes more intense from its partial gratification, and from the lurking suspicion of the injustice with which it has wreaked itself on its victim. We have read, therefore, these disclosures with considerable equanimity; it moves no wonder that, at such a juncture, such scenes should take place within the venerable walls of the Monte Cavallo; we feel neither less nor more respect for the papal see. Still, though without actual astonishment, we cannot trace without a lively curiosity, day by day, the acts of a Roman conclave, the struggle of interests, the play of passions, the lights and shades of opposed characters, the tentative processes, the bold hazards, the skilful advances—the adroit proposal of names without pretensions, to cover the real intentions as to more hopeful candidates—the well or ill timed exclusions—the artful approximations—the slow or sudden conversions—till at length some almost instantaneous impulse or audacious movement decides the game: till from all this conflict of subtleties—sometimes, we fear, of worse than subtleties—emerges a supreme father of Roman Catholic Christendom; in later days, we are very ready to acknowledge, a pontiff always blameless in character and unimpeachable as to his own religion, usually venerable, respected, and beloved.

This conclave was, of course, divided on the one great question of the day. There was, as there usually has been, a strong Italian party, and these, the friends and supporters of the late pope, were called the Zelanti. They were mostly stern ultramontanists, determined to maintain the Jesuits at all hazards: the heads of this party were the two Cardinals Albani. The adverse or anti-Jesuit interest, which combined the cardinals of France, Spain, and Naples, was, at first, before the arrival of the Spanish electors, headed by De Luynes and De Bernis, especially by the latter. It is from the correspondence of Bernis, and of the French ambassador D'Aubeterre, with strong confirmations from that of Roda, the Spanish ambassador, that we are about to discover the secrets of this prison-house.

The Cardinal de Bernis had begun life as a man of wit and pleasure, the elegant and courtly abbé of that their palmy time. He was a poet, in his early period, light and amatory, in the later, serious and religious. We fear that the gay and graceful stanzas of his youth found more readers than the solemn couplets, the "*Religion Vengée*," written when the deeds of the French Revolution could not but awaken solemn thoughts in a cardinal of the age of Louis XV.* In allusion to his first style, Voltaire had called him Babet le Boutiquier, from a vender of flowers at one of the theatres; while Frederick II., probably with the bitterness of personal dislike, had written:—

Évitez de Bernis la stérile abondance.

* He died at Rome, in 1794, above seventy years old.

In those florid days, it is said that Cardinal Fleury reproved the gay abbé for his dissipation: "Vous n'avez rien à espérer, tant que je vivrai." "Monseigneur, j'attendrai," replied Bernis, with a respectful bow; and till Fleury's death he did live in poverty, which he supported with such gayety as to increase his social popularity. Preferments at length showered upon him; to what interest he was supposed to owe his red hat, will presently appear. De Bernis had shown great talents for business in certain negotiations at Venice, and had some aspirations—not towards the papacy—but to the office of cardinal secretary of state. He had latterly been out of favor with the court*—living in retirement in his diocese of Alby in the south of France, and winning approbation there by his decorous manners and liberal charities. We may add, that during his later residence at Rome, as representative of France, his palace was famous throughout Europe not only for the splendor and the taste with which it received all the talent, the wit, the distinction of the world, in perfect social ease, but at the same time for the dignified decency which became a prince of the church.

This remarkable conclave had met on the 15th of February, thirteen days after the death of Clement the XIII. A desperate attempt had been made by the Italian zealots to precipitate the election, while it was almost in their own power, before the electors usually residing in Spain or even in France could arrive. The Cardinal Chigi wanted only two voices to secure his election. The French and Spanish ambassadors protested with the utmost vehemence against this proceeding. They even threatened, according to our author, that France, Spain, Portugal, and Naples would withdraw their allegiance from the papal see. The more moderate cardinals, from base timidity, or, according to M. Créneau Joly, a mistimed though excusable desire for conciliation, (he says nothing of the flagrant injustice of depriving their colleagues of their right of suffrage,) refused to proceed further till the conclave was full. Early in March arrived De Bernis—but he was only the ostensible head of the anti-Jesuit party; he was but their manager *within* the conclave. It had been hoped that, by his fascinating manners and his knowledge of the world, he might deal on more equal terms with the subtle Italian cardinals; but in fact he was to move only as directed by persons more entirely in the confidence of the cabinets of Versailles and Madrid.

The majority of the sacred college (says M. Joly) was no doubt adverse to the wishes of the Bourbons: endeavors were made to modify it according to their views, first by corruption, afterwards by violence. The Marquis d'Aubeterre, Thomas Azpuru, (Archbishop of Valentia,) Nicholas d'Azara, and Count Kaunitz undertook to play this part. They had accomplices in the conclave.

* It was just before his disgrace that he received his cardinal's hat. "C'est un parapluie que le roi a bien voulu me donner contre le mauvais temps."

They wrote, they received communications, both officious and official, (*officieuses et officielles*.) from the Cardinal de Bernis and the Cardinal Orsini. The ministers of Louis XV. and of Charles III. sent instructions from Paris and Madrid. It is in this autograph correspondence, of which no one suspected the existence, that the proofs are to be sought of the inveterate hatred (*acharnement*) against the Jesuits. This hatred degraded ambassadors, confessors, the ministers of the most Christian king and of the Catholic king, into intriguers of the lowest class.—p. 212.

"By a series of accidents (proceeds our author) which can only have an attraction for the curious, but no historical interest whatever, these autograph documents relating to the conclave of 1769 have fallen into my hands." With all respect to M. Crétineau Joly, the manner by which he has obtained these documents, if they are as important as he supposes, must be of very great historical interest. On that question must depend their genuineness, their authenticity, their fulness, their freedom from interpolation, and from the suppression of inconvenient passages; in short, their whole historical value and credibility. Through whose hands have they passed? are they entirely free from party manipulation? are they the whole, unbroken correspondence? how far do they agree with the other authentic documents cited from the French archives by Count St. Priest, and by other earlier and later writers? We are rather too well versed in this kind of inquiry to receive with full trust *extracts* from documents even when presented to us by the most honest writers—writers absolutely without prepossession or partiality. With no impeachment on the integrity of M. Crétineau Joly, he would scarcely wish us to rank him in that class. Without some satisfaction for these doubts we cannot rightly appreciate

"the luminous discovery by the aid of which it is possible to follow, step by step, minute by minute, the plot which great criminals and men of extraordinary improvidence organized, out of hatred to the Jesuits, against the dignity of the church. * * * Nor are dissolute and imbecile kings, governed by their mistresses and by their diplomats, the only actors on this scene; cardinals and prelates throw themselves into the fray. It is this conspiracy which it is necessary to reveal to the Catholic world without any timid disguise, but still without passion; for justice to all is the true and only charity of history."

—A sublime sentiment, which our author, somewhat whimsically, closes with this sentence from S. François de Sales: "C'est charité que de crier au loup quand il est entre les brebis, voire où qu'il soit." If charity consists in "crying wolf," M. Joly is a model of this cardinal virtue. Then comes the usual quotation from Cardinal Baronius, who first struck out the happy thought of raising an argument for the uninterrupted authority of the Apostolic See from the flagrant, total, and acknowledged interruption of all Apostolic virtues during certain periods of the papal history. Nothing but the manifest favor of God

could have restored the papacy, after it had sunk, in the days of Theodora and Marozia, to such utter degradation.

Let us accompany, under our author's guidance, the Cardinal de Bernis (in the month of March) into the conclave. He was anxiously awaited by Cardinal Orsini, who conducted the Neapolitan interest, and had almost stood alone in counteracting the march which the Zelanti had endeavored to steal upon the assembly. The first act of Bernis was, in violation, we fear not unusual, of the fundamental laws of the conclave—to establish a regular correspondence with the ambassador of the French court, the Marquis d'Aubeterre. D'Aubeterre had already come to something like an understanding with the Austrian ambassador, Count Kaunitz. The instructions of Maria Theresa to that minister were to support the Jesuits, but Kaunitz looked to the rising sun. Her son and heir was himself at Rome, and the prince's philosophism must be flattered, rather than the antiquated prejudices of the empress queen. Roda, the Spanish ambassador, as well as D'Aubeterre, took care that his opinions should be known within the conclave. The conduct of Joseph II. and his visit to the conclave are described with some point by Count St. Priest: "He affected the most supercilious indifference as to the question of the Jesuits, and even the election of the pope. He inquired for the Cardinal York. The grandson of James II. presented himself. Joseph saluted the last of the Stuarts with marked attention, and asked to see his cell. 'It is very small for your highness.' In truth Whitehall was much larger." (*St. Priest*, p. 92.)

But we must examine the conclave more closely. We find the following names, distributed into four classes by the Spaniards.

Eleven were by them considered good:

Sersale.	Branciforte.
Calvachini.	Caracciolo.
Negroni.	Andrea Corsini.
Durini.	Ganganelli.
Neri Corsini.	Pirelli.
Conti.	

Six very bad, *pessimi*; a glorious title, says our author, in the eyes of Christendom:

Torregiani.	Chigi.
Castelli.	Boschi.
Buonacorsi.	Rezzonico.

Fifteen bad:

Oddi.	Lanze.
Alessandro Albani.	Spinola.
Rossi.	Paracciani.
Calini.	Francesco Albani.
Veterani.	Borromeo.
Molino.	Colonna.
Priuli.	Fantuzzi.
Bufulini.	

Three were doubtful—

Lante.	Stoppani.	Serbelloni.
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Nine (M. Crétineau gives but eight) were nothing, (*nada*), or indifferent—

Guglielmi.	Malvezzi.
Canale.	Pallavicini.
Pozzobonelli.	York.
Perelli.	Pamphili.

The Spanish cardinals, De Solis and De la Cerda—the French, Bernis and De Luynes—and the Neapolitan, Orsini, are reckoned in none of these categories.*

Cardinal de Bernis was furnished, besides this surveillance of D'Aubeterre, with instructions from his court. There seem to be two such documents; one of an earlier date, printed by Count St. Priest, composed before the vacancy, and intended for whatever cardinals might eventually be intrusted with the French interests in a future conclave; the other, from which extracts are given by M. Crétineau Joly, actually addressed to Bernis and De Luynes. The former thus advises the French cardinal on the character of those with whom he will have to deal:—

No one is ignorant to what extent the Italians carry the science of dissimulation; among all the Italians, it may be with truth averred, none have carried this to such a point of perfection as the Romans. Individual interests, as well as the national character, have placed them under a perpetual necessity of concealing their true sentiments.—No one has any chance of success if he cannot disguise his real opinions, and make them appear to every one such as will advance his peculiar interests.—In each case (*i. e.*, whether there is a supreme pontiff or a vacancy,) it is the great study of every one to mask, by all kinds of outward demonstrations, his real thoughts, and to be impenetrable. The art of self-concealment is considered by the Romans as the first and most essential to obtain their ends. This perpetual occupation in outreaching each other makes them by no means delicate as to what are called principles; with them roguery (*friponnerie*) is ability; they glory in it, and it is their vanity; hence the verb *minchionare*, which, happily for France, has no corresponding term in the French language.—*St. Priest*, p. 282.

These instructions refer also to former elections. Cardinal Polignac was the only instance of a French diplomatist in the conclave who had ever outwitted the Italians. He had made Clement XII. (Corsini) pope. Tencin had attempted, and well-nigh succeeded, in favor of Aldrovandi, but had been defeated by Annibale Albani, who had carried Lambertini (Benedict XIV.) in fine—

The great test of ability is to find means to make others propose what is your own object, and to seem to take no interest in the step. The French cardinal has nothing to do but to listen; to open himself to no one as to his opinion on different subjects which may arise; to answer all who attempt to sound him, that he comes to no determination except in the church. This is the usual language in the conclave, and every one knows what it means. When a name is proposed, and begins to gather voices, then he must strain every nerve (*faire l'impossible*) to ascertain the numbers. If the candidate is acceptable to France, as soon as

the French cardinal shall perceive that he can carry the election by the voices of his faction, then is the moment to explain himself, and to make known his demands to the person proposed for election. It is very seldom that a cardinal who wants but this one step to become pope refuses to agree to whatever may be required of him!

Such were the general views entertained by the statesmen of that day as to the proceedings of a conclave. They are important as enabling us to judge whether any very extraordinary means were adopted in 1769.

The special instructions to Bernis dwelt on the passionate and fanatic counsels followed by Clement XIII. (whose sincere piety and upright intentions are acknowledged,) which had compelled France, Spain, the Two Sicilies, Portugal and Venice, to assert their rights of sovereignty.—The king has no decided plan as to the elevation of any pontiff:—his exclusive is only to be used in case the voices should seem likely to be united in favor of some cardinal, whose personal prejudices, particular affections, and blind and imprudent zeal might render his administration dangerous, if not pernicious and fatal to religion and to the tranquillity of the Catholic states—of this number are the Cardinals Torregiani, Boschi, Buonaccorsi and Castelli.

The first object of Bernis was to obtain an exclusive—sixteen voices. He commanded ten; six Neapolitans, two French, two Spaniards; and hoped to obtain six more at least among the following: York, Lante, the two Corsinis, Ganganelli, Guglielmi, Malvezzi, Pallavicini, Pozzobonelli, and Colonna. The two latter had large possessions, as well as Colonna's brother the prince, in the kingdom of Naples, and would not, it was thought, vote for a pope unacceptable to that court.

But already D'Aubeterre began to develop his more decided views. He suggested to De Bernis that he should make the abolition of the Jesuits a preliminary condition. "A cardinal before he is pope lends himself willingly to anything in order to become pope; there are many instances of this kind of bargain. We must insist on this point alone, and reserve all others. We must have a written promise, or, if that is refused, a verbal promise in the presence of witnesses" (p. 219.) Bernis shrunk from this bold measure; D'Aubeterre insists that, as it only concerns the secularization of a religious order, it cannot be considered an unlawful covenant. He recommends Bernis to consult Ganganelli, one of the most celebrated theologians of the day, who had never been suspected of lax moral principles; "*j'espère que peut-être il rapprocherait de mon sentiment.*" "No dependence can be placed in what a pope may do after he is elected, if he is not bound down before." (p. 220.)

Bernis thus describes to Choiseul the persons with whom he has to deal: "The sacred college was never composed of more pious or edifying persons—but their ignorance and narrowness are

* There is some confusion about these lists; here are 43 names, yet Bernis says that the conclave consisted of only 45 or 46 cardinals, and it appears that 16 (one third of the whole) formed an Exclusive.

extreme. He could not make them comprehend what was necessary to prevent them from compromising the holy see with the powers of Europe. "Their whole politics are confined within the walls of Monte Cavallo. Daily intrigue is their sole occupation, and, unhappily for the peace of the church, their only knowledge." He writes to D'Aubeterre—"Le plus grand de tous est de choisir un pape qui ait la tête assez large et assez bien faite pour sacrifier les petites considérations aux grandes. Mais où est-il ce pape? Où est le Secrétaire d'Etat supérieur aux misères locales de ce pays-ci? Je le cherche en vain."—D'Aubeterre had flattered Bernis in his hope of being cardinal secretary of state himself.—"Je ne trouve que quelques nuances de plus ou de moins dans la médiocrité des uns et des autres: car il ne faut pas s'y tromper, on gagnera plus sur l'objet intéressant des Jésuites avec un homme fort qu'avec un homme faible, pourvu qu'il ne soit fanatique." At that time Bernis seems to have apprehended that the other parties were uniting in favor of Fantuzzi; if so, "Fantuzzi must have secret dealings with the Jesuits." He speaks favorably of Calvachini, "who is ten years too old;" and, as we shall see hereafter, of Ganganelli. His great difficulty was to keep his colleague De Luynes quiet:—"Je n'effarouche personne, et j'ai (Dieu merci) persuadé au Cardinal de Luynes de ne point trop agir et parler. Dans le fond c'est un honnête homme, et qui sera toujours ce que le Roi voudra, excepté ce que nous ne pourrions pas faire sans nous déshonorer in sæcula sæculorum."

The Spaniards still delayed; they had given hopes that they would make the speedier journey by sea. They took fright, or pretended to take fright, at the sight of the Mediterranean, and began their tardy progress by land; but Bernis had now made great way towards an exclusive. He had flattered the older Corsini into a pledge to play the part assigned him; Lante had promised his voice; Conti spoke little, but favorably; he was enchanted with Malvezzi.

An interview (on the 18th of April) with the leaders of the Zealots, of which Alexander and John Francis Albani were the spokesmen, did not pass off so easily. After a long discussion about the Jesuits, both parties seem to have lost their temper, and high words ensued, not over seemly in a conclave. "We should be all equal here," said Bernis; "we sit in this assembly by the same title." The old Alexander Albani lifted up his red cap—"No, your eminence, we are not here by the same title; this *berretino* was not placed on my head by a courtesan." The allusion to Madame de Pompadour, according to our author, silenced De Bernis, who took his revenge by making Orsini drop some significant hints to "the old fox," as to the uncertain tenure of his estates in the kingdom of Naples.

According to M. Crétineau Joly there was an underplot. A certain Dufour, described as an agent or spy of Choiseul, acting in concert with

the Jansenists and philosophers, (a strange and impossible alliance which haunts the imagination of M. Crétineau,) had proposed three years before the vacancy, to secure the election by a summary process, no less than downright straight-forward bribery. The passage must be given entire:—

Sans que personne puisse soupçonner la moindre chose, on arrivera au point de se rendre maître du futur Conclave. Les Cardinaux Français auront la liste des amis et ne feront que les observer. On pourrait ajouter au marché fait avec eux que l'argent ne sera délivré qu'après le Conclave, et que sur la parole du Cardinal chargé des instructions de la Cour; que de plus, la somme de * * * sera ajoutée à la somme principale pour chaque suffrage que l'ami aura procuré; mais avec cette condition, que le Cardinal chargé des instructions de la Cour en sera convaincu, et que celui qu'on aura procuré n'aura pas été auparavant assuré.

This last provision against a cardinal being twice bought is exquisite. But after all we have some suspicion of this same Dufour, who seems to us not improbably a meddling intriguer, anxious to make himself an agent, not with any trust or commission from Choiseul or any one else. Choiseul, it is admitted, declined this unsafe and expensive course; it was taken up, however, by the Spanish court, and its ministers (for the cardinals were even now not yet arrived) had instructions accordingly from Madrid. Azparu obeyed, Azara betrayed the secret to Bernis. Bernis' objections are capital—

As to the *idée abandonnée*, surely you have be-thought yourself that such matters are safely intrusted to one individual alone (and one who you know beforehand has no scruples) and not to five or six different ministers, and consequently to five or six secretaries; to five cardinals, some of them still friends of those whom we wish to destroy. Who is the ecclesiastic imprudent enough (even if he approve of the measure) to intrust his honor to the discretion of so many persons?

Affairs did not proceed; day after day passed in plots and counterplots, intrigues and counter-intrigues; April wore away. No less than a miracle, says Bernis, can settle a business in which so many are engaged. The great point, the plain, positive, signed and sealed and witnessed covenant to abolish the Jesuits, was too uncanonical, too simoniacal, at least for the arts of Bernis. He himself felt or affected scruples. D'Aubeterre plies him with theological authorities, which he had industriously obtained from some unknown quarter. Bernis suggests, that if a cardinal were capable of making so simoniacal a bargain, he might perhaps be capable of breaking it. Matters do not seem to have been mended by the sudden activity of Cardinal de Luynes, who in his correspondence (*toute gastronomique*) had hitherto stood aloof from business. He too caught the fever of intrigue, and bestirred himself in a combined attack upon the Jesuits. We have here likewise an episode of Bernis bargaining with Choiseul for the payment of his debts, which were enormous,

for Bernis was always prodigal and necessitous. Unless Choiseul complies with these reasonable demands the cardinal threatens to *strike*.

Intimidation was now tried; the great powers gave actual orders to occupy Avignon, Benevento, and other papal territories. Once indeed Malvezzi was near success. Malvezzi, Archbishop of Bologna, was the prelate who had enchanted Bernis; but he was *too enlightened* (in Bernis' phrase)—he openly avowed *at least* Gallican opinions—he was the farthest removed from ultra-montane principles of the whole conclave. He was almost a *philosophe*; and a *philosophe* it was the great object of the Roman Catholic powers of Christendom (according to our author) to place in the papal chair. We do not quite understand whether the exclusive now possessed by France, Spain, and Naples was actually employed, so as to decimate the conclave, and to reduce the number of *papable* subjects within the narrowest limits—or whether this plan was only a matter of deliberation. The system of intimidation was, however, carried even further; it was distinctly intimated that if the conclave persisted in their obstinacy, Portugal, France, Spain, and Naples would throw off the papal supremacy. Affairs seemed more inextricably involved than ever, except that Fantuzzi was out of the field, and Pozzobonelli (Archbishop of Milan, who represented Austria) had now become a kind of favorite; he “four times a day came and made false confidences to Bernis.” Poor Bernis was at his wits' end—“To find out who are the real enemies of the Jesuits one must become God and be able to read the hearts of men.”

The Spaniards were now arrived, and not long after their arrival on a sudden Bernis received an intimation that everything was settled, and that he had nothing to do but to bring up all his votes for Cardinal Ganganelli. The grave, and silent, and serious Spaniards, particularly the Cardinal de Solis, Archbishop of Seville, who was in the confidence of Charles III. and of his minister D'Aranda, had achieved in a few days (by one account in eight and forty hours) that on which the elegant and loquacious Frenchman had wasted weeks in vain. Ganganelli had agreed to certain terms; what they were was not at first communicated to Bernis (D'Aubeterre, though he protests to the contrary, was probably in the secret.) More surprising still, secret communications had been going on between the Spaniards and the Albanis; they too, with the Zealots, were to vote for Ganganelli. The disgust of Bernis is infinitely amusing, but there was no help; he must console his wounded vanity by persuading Ganganelli that he owed his promotion to France. This was Bernis' first and last care. “Au reste je ferai savoir à Ganganelli dès ce soir que sans notre concours rien ne réussirait pour lui, et qu'ainsi il doit être attaché à la France. Il faut qu'il nous craigne un peu, mais pas trop. Je crois cette précaution essentielle, sans quoi notre rôle serait absolument passif et ridicule.” (p. 265.) Accordingly l'Abbé de

Lestache (the Conclaviste of Bernis) “va à une heure de nuit chez le futur pape. Il y porte un Mémoire par où il démontre que c'est à la France qu'il doit la tiare.” (p. 267.) Ganganelli submitted to be proposed; De Bernis and his few troops could but follow the general movement. Clement XIV. ascended the throne of St. Peter.

No one impeaches the calm equity of Ranke, or his careful fidelity in the use of all documents accessible at the time when he wrote. His brief character of Ganganelli, therefore, may as well be kept in view, while we are examining that now offered us:—

Of all the cardinals Lorenzo Ganganelli was, without question, the mildest and most moderate. In his youth, his tutor said of him, “that it was no wonder he loved music, for that all was harmony within him.” He grew up in innocent intercourse with a small circle of friends, combined with retirement from the world, which led him deeper and deeper into the sublime mysteries of true theology. In like manner, as he turned from Aristotle to Plato, in whom he found more full satisfaction of soul, so he quitted the schoolmen for the fathers, and then again for the Holy Scriptures, which he studied with all the devout fervor of a mind convinced of the revelation of the Word. From this well-spring he drank in that pure and calm enthusiasm which sees God in everything, and devotes itself to the service of man. His religion was not zeal, persecution, lust of dominion, polemical vehemence, but peace, charity, lowliness of mind, and inward harmony. The incessant bickerings of the Holy See with the Catholic states, which shook the foundations of the church, were utterly odious to him. His moderation was not weakness, or a mere bending to necessity, but spontaneous benevolence and native graciousness of temper.—Ranke's *Popes*, Austin's Translation, iii. 212.

We should with deep regret see this beautifully proportioned statue thrown from its pedestal and broken to pieces; not because Clement XIV. abolished the Jesuits; not because he was a liberal, as he was sometimes called a Protestant, pope; but for the sake of our common nature and our common Christianity, which is not rich enough in such examples to afford the loss of one. But—

Curramus præcípites * * calcemusque Ordinis hostem.

It is this spotless victim which M. Crétineau Joly, with unaverted face, would sacrifice to the manes of the order. Ganganelli, according to him, was a man of unscrupulous but subtle ambition, who played fast and loose with the supporters and the adversaries of the Jesuits, endeavored to break faith with his inexorable creditors, bartered his soul for the papal tiara, lived a few years of miserable remorse—if not of madness; and, but for the intervention of a most astonishing miracle, would have died in despair—“unhoused, unanointed, unannealed.” All this is chiefly made out on the faith of these new historical discoveries.

Now, accepting these documents as imparted to us by the historian of the Jesuits, the first great question, whether Ganganelli “played most foully” for the triple crown, rests on three points. 1st.

What was the agreement which he entered into with the Spanish cardinals? 2nd. How far can he be accused of double-dealing, as concealing or dissembling his views concerning the Jesuits? 3rd. Was he or was he not honestly and conscientiously adverse to the order? Did he sincerely believe its suppression a wise sacrifice for the peace of the church?

I. Ganganelli may have been ambitious of the papal crown, and without blame. He may have devoted himself with true Christian heroism to the awful office. He may have thought, humanly speaking, the accession of a man of his own mild and conciliatory character the only safety of the pontificate. The great powers of Europe actually menaced secession; the ease with which they had all expelled the Jesuits, was a fearful omen that they would meet with no dangerous resistance—would, perhaps, be hailed by the spirit of the times—in breaking forever with Rome. The vitality of the popedom had not yet been tried in such days as when it was saved by the lofty and serene patience of Pius VII.:—it was trembling—at least, in its old stern Hildebrandine character—towards its extinction. There was something vague, dreamy, mystic, in the religion, and even in the worldly ambition of Ganganelli. He is said to have listened in youth to predictions of his future greatness; an imaginary popedom may have floated before his imagination, which should awe mankind by gentleness, and this notion he might cherish even throughout the dark dealings of the Conclave; the belief in such day-dreams, in an Italian, might not be inconsistent with much prudence and even subtlety in his dealings with men, nor need he perhaps surrender it till it was actually shattered to pieces by the harassing cares of the pontifical administration, the imperious demands of the Bourbons, the busy and perilous intrigues of the Jesuit faction, the bitter realities and responsibilities at that time so peculiarly the doom of him who wore the triple crown. What then was, in fact, the agreement of Ganganelli with Spain and France? It was a note in which Ganganelli declared—we transcribe our author's own words—"qu'il reconnaît au souverain pontife le droit de pouvoir éteindre en conscience la Compagnie de Jésus, en observant les règles canoniques; et qu'il est à souhaiter que le futur pape fasse tous ses efforts pour accomplir le vœu des couronnes." M. Crétineau Joly admits that this is not explicit. The *right* in question was one which could not be denied without annulling the papal supremacy; the order subsisted by papal authority, and might doubtless be abolished by it. The note implied, however, a desire to comply with the wishes of the crowns. Our author adds, that though Ganganelli refused to commit himself further in writing, he fully explained his own views to De Solis. "He opened his whole soul, and acknowledged that it was his ambition to reconcile the pontificate with the temporal powers; he aspired"—our author subjoins this bitter and unwarranted inference—"to unite them in peace

over the dead body of the Order of Jesus, and thus to obtain restitution of the cities of Avignon and Benevento."

But the curious part of all this is, that every fact and every circumstance of this wonderful disclosure was perfectly well known before. The whole was known probably to Ranke; it was at least surmised pretty clearly by Count St. Priest, (p. 402.) It was known to M. Crétineau Joly himself; and is found, word for word, with the same observations, in the fifth volume of his "History of the Jesuits," p. 333. So far as these new discoveries affect the promotion of Ganganelli, the cardinals might have been spared their anxieties, the general of the order his tears. The character of Clement XIV. stands exactly as it did before; and thus far M. Crétineau Joly may take comfort in the utter harmlessness, in the unwelcome innocence, of his fatal supplement.

II. Did, then, Ganganelli play a double game, and hold out to each party the hope that he was theirs? It is clear that, at the first, he stood aloof; he might dread the danger of being struck down by a random exclusive. It is no less clear that he understood and mistrusted Bernis. Nothing could be more ungenial to the silent, recluse, and dreaming monk than the courtly blandishments, the restless intrigue, and the self-importance of the garrulous Frenchman.* Ganganelli was one of the four named in the original instructions of Choiseul as cardinals whose elevation would be consistent with the interests of France. Though D'Aubeterre suggested to De Bernis Ganganelli as the greatest theologian and casuist, who best could resolve the question as to the legality of a covenant for the destruction of the Jesuits, he by no means felt confident that the decision would be in his favor. Ganganelli's calm prudence baffled De Bernis; he would not be the tool of his intrigues. Early in the affair, De Bernis writes—

Si Ganganelli n'avait pas tant de peur de se nuire en paraissant lié avec les couronnes, il y aurait pour moi plus de ressources en lui qu'en tout autre; mais cela ne se peut plus; à force de finesse il gâte ses affaires; mais il a été accoutumé à cette conduite dans son cloître, et il a peur de son ombre; c'est dommage. —p. 222.

Again, on the 20th of April, De Bernis has a little secret coquetry (galanterie sourde) with Ganganelli, who promises his voice—but, in the mean time, to keep up appearances, votes on the other side. "He does not like the manner in which my colleagues conduct their negotiations, but professes great esteem for me." (p. 228.) When Ganganelli, among others, is proposed for pope, De Bernis says that "he is feared, but not of sufficient consideration." (p. 230.) Much later he writes, "One must have great faith to feel sure that Ganganelli is with us. He wraps

* It is true that Ganganelli at an after time became fond of the cardinal poet—and his acceptance of the flattery of Voltaire was no doubt the fruit of that intercourse; but we speak of the feelings of the conclave period.

himself up in impenetrable mystery." To pass over some circumstances, hereafter to be noticed—to the last De Bernis found Ganganelli calm and cold, promising nothing, entering into no engagement.

But how were the Zelanti, the Albanis, and their party induced to vote for Ganganelli? De Bernis roundly asserts that it was the pistoles of Spain which wrought this change; that more than once the Albani had made advances of the kind to him, (*se sont jetés cent fois à ma tête*;) but as he (Bernis) had no money to offer, he was obliged to content himself with keeping on good terms with them. "*L'argent comptant vaut mieux que toute chose. Si l'Espagne s'attache les Albani par de bonnes pensions, elle sera la maîtresse de ce pays-ci.*" He add, that if Azparu has not come down with large sums, and still larger promises, the Spaniards will, after all, be duped; that the Albani will only vote for Ganganelli after having obtained positive assurances for the maintenance of the society. M. Crétineau Joly assures us, indeed, that De Bernis himself utterly destroys these odious suspicions thrown out against the Albani; but all that De Bernis says is, that "they had made their own arrangements with Ganganelli." Of these arrangements, if made, it is clear that the French cardinal was not in the secret; and as though M. Crétineau Joly were conscious of the weakness of his case, with regard to this supposed retraction of the charge of bribery by Bernis, he suddenly bewilders his reader at this very instant with a clever irreverent letter of Voltaire, which might have come in anywhere else quite as well. By thus shocking the religious, and diverting the profane, the attention of each class of readers is withdrawn from the grave question stirred. Bernis' wounded vanity may indeed have ascribed to these coarse means the success of the Spaniards in an affair in which he himself had failed; he may have been ambitious of having it in his power to distribute large sums of money, and to make magnificent offers; and he may have estimated too highly the influence which he would have obtained by such advantages. But whatever may be the truth of the charge, it remains uncontradicted as far as Bernis is concerned. But of all improbable solutions of this difficulty, the most improbable is that these subtle and suspicious and experienced conclavists were themselves overreached by Ganganelli, and persuaded by a few careless and doubtful sentences, dropt at random, that he was a Jesuit at heart. The Albani must have known that the Spaniards were negotiating with Ganganelli, as well as Ganganelli and the Frenchman knew that negotiations were going on between them and the Spaniards. The two significant sentences which are supposed to prove Ganganelli's duplicity are these:—To one party he said, "The arms of the Bourbon princes are very long, they reach over the Alps and the Pyrenees." To the other he said, (M. Crétineau Joly of course adds, "in tones of perfect sincerity,") "Destroy the Company of Jesus! you might as well think of overturning the

dome of St. Peter's." Moreover the Cardinal Castelli is reported to have heard Ganganelli say on one occasion, "I will never vote for Stoppani; if he were pope, he would oppress the Jesuits." And we are to suppose that Castelli, "the chief of the fanatics," was suddenly converted by these words into a partisan of Ganganelli.

III. But after all, (and this is the main question,) was Ganganelli a Jesuit in his heart and conscience; and did he wrench that heart from its dominant inclination, and sell that conscience for the papal tiara? All the proofs on one side are, a formal oration which in his younger days he made on some commemoration festival, in which he spoke handsomely of the learning and depth of some of the great Jesuit writers; his elevation to the cardinalate by Clement XIII., who was completely under the influence of Ricci, general of the Jesuits; his habitual civility to the Jesuits wherever he encountered them; the perplexities of Bernis, which we have already described; and those loose sayings ascribed to him during the conclave. These vague proofs are crowned by a passage from a manuscript history by the Jesuit Cordara, "whose wish," we may not unreasonably conclude, "was father to his thought." But even Cordara admits that the world in general considered Ganganelli opposed to the Jesuits. To these few and trivial facts are opposed the character of the man; his order, which in many of the missions had come into hostile collision with that of Jesus; his reputation, which from the first pointed him out as one of those who might be promoted by the anti-Jesuit interest; above all his prospective views, which manifestly had foreseen that the old ultramontane government of the world by terror alone, by the terror of interdict and anathema, had passed away; that unless Catholicism, unless Christianity could attach mankind by the cords of love, its day was gone. These views implied the most profound confidence, rather than cowardly mistrust, in the promises of God to the church at large, or in those special promises which the Roman Catholic believes to have been made to St. Peter, and through him to the bishops of Rome. There was, moreover, one act of Ganganelli—an act acknowledged by M. Crétineau Joly, and by all who are hostile to the memory of Clement XIV.—which seems to us conclusive as to his previous anti-Jesuitism. He it was who had succeeded the Cardinal Passionei in conducting the proceedings for the canonization of Palafox, bishop of Puebla. But this canonization, pertinaciously opposed during many years by the whole Jesuit interest, was by all the world considered as a direct and positive condemnation of the order, who were asserted to have persecuted that blameless bishop to his dying bed. It was to them a question of life and death; Ganganelli's voluntary undertaking of this cause, therefore, was little less than an open declaration of war against them. On the whole, then, we can have no doubt that Ganganelli was, *ab initio*, in his heart convinced of the justice, the policy, the wisdom of the suppression of the Jesuits, though, from prudential

motives, perhaps from the gentleness of his temper, he abstained from betraying those views more than was necessary; and when the time for action was come, shuddered and recoiled at the difficult task—one which it would have required a far different cast of mind to accomplish without fear, without doubt, without regret.

The end of a papal election usually throws the population of Rome into a state of tumultuous exultation; Clement, on his accession, was hailed with a perfect frenzy of joy. This M. Crétineau Joly describes, interspersing covert allusions to more recent rejoicings on the election of a liberal pope, and solemn and ominous warnings of the fickleness of the Roman people, and the instability of this kind of popularity.

Count St. Priest condemns severely the weakness and irresolution of Clement XIV., who delayed for three years the great work of his pontificate. Ganganelli shrunk before the magnitude of his task—the utter extinction of an order which had been approved by so many popes, had the Council of Trent in its favor, and was still considered by friends and foes the Janisary force of the papal power. “Far,” says the count, “from displaying that inflexibility, that unshaken firmness, ascribed to him by his enemies and his panegyrists, he resolved to temporize, to amuse the sovereigns by promises, to restrain the Jesuits by premeditated hesitations; in a word, to elude rather than brave the danger. From this day he devoted his pontificate to all the subterfuges and all the artifices of a laborious feebleness.” Our readers will find the history of all these transactions told with admirable brevity, spirit, and truth, in M. St. Priest’s fourth chapter. Nothing can be more striking than the development of Clement’s character—his conduct to Bernis—his happiness when for a short time relieved from the intolerable burthen of immediate decision—his struggles in the inflexible grasp of Florida Blanca. But M. St. Priest has hardly made allowance for the difficulties of Clement’s position. The sovereigns and their agents were for forcing the measure with immediate, indecent haste; Clement had stipulated from the first that the affair should proceed *legally*; he would act slowly, canonically, charitably. Giving him credit for having conscientiously determined to keep his positive or implied promise, under the full conviction that the peace of the church required the dissolution of the order, it is hardly surprising that he should have been perplexed as to the safest and least offensive means of achieving his design. He had hardly any one to consult; his private friends, two good simple Franciscans, could give him no assistance in such perilous questions. The cardinals were hostile; he felt himself obliged to withdraw from their counsels; the ambassadors, till he had made a friend of Bernis, were for driving him on with headlong, merciless, cruel precipitancy. His caution may have led to more than the proverbial tardiness of proceedings at Rome, his irresolution may have been weakness, he may have yielded too much to his fears; according to Bernis,

from the day of his elevation he had a dread of poison. But the justice and gentleness of his character were perhaps more embarrassing than his scruples or his timidity. The measure could not be accomplished without inflicting much suffering—without wounding the most tender and sacred feelings of many who admired and loved at least individual Jesuits—without condemning many excellent, pious, and devoted men to disgrace, degradation, poverty. It was a light thing for despots and unscrupulous ministers, who never thought or cared at what amount of private and individual misery they carried their purposes, to suppress the Jesuits. It was but to issue a decree of expulsion, to confiscate their property, and to proscribe their persons. It required but administrative ability to seize, as in Spain, every member of the order, to tear them away from all their own attachments, and the attachments of others, to embark them and cast them contemptuously on the shores of Italy. But it was a severe trial for a kindly and benignant ecclesiastic to trample all these considerations under foot; to inflict so much individual wrong and sorrow, even for so great an end as the adaptation of Christianity to the spirit of the age. And, moreover, Clement knew too well, he felt at every step, the power of the Jesuits, which in Rome encircled the pope as in an inextricable net. “Dans les palais de Rome les Jésuites étaient les intendants des maris, les directeurs des femmes; à toutes les tables, dans toutes les *conversazioni*, régnait despotiquement un Jésuite.”—St. Priest, p. 113. Better motives than timidity might make him reluctant rudely to break up throughout the civilized world connections, which might be as intimate, more holy, more truly spiritual than those at Rome. Accordingly, we find him casting about for every kind of device to break the blow; he thought at one time of a council to give greater solemnity to the decree; he thought of allowing the order to die out, by prohibiting them from receiving novices; of appointing no successor to the aged Ricci. He ventured to offend Charles III. by favorable expressions with regard to their missions; he gave them opportunities of parting with their property to relieve their present distresses. But he was attempting an impossibility—to avoid the blow might have baffled a great man, to a good man it was utterly desperate and hopeless. At length, after three years’ delay, appeared the fatal brief, *Dominus et Redemptor*. It was a brief not a bull—but we must plead guilty to that obtuseness or blindness which cannot comprehend how papal infallibility can depend on its decrees being written on paper or on parchment, accompanied or not accompanied by certain formularies of publication.

All that follows the publication of the brief—the death of Ganganelli, the fierce and yet unexhausted disputes about the last year of his life, and the manner of his death—are to us indescribably melancholy and repulsive. The two parties are contending, as it were, for the body and soul of Pope Clement, with a rancor of mutual hatred which might remind us of the Spaniards and Mex-

jeans during their great battle on the lake—the Mexicans seizing the dying Spaniards to immolate them to their idol—the Spaniards dragging them away to secure them the honors and posthumous consolations of Christian burial. We have conflicting statements, both of which cannot be true—churchman against churchman—cardinal against cardinal—even, it should seem, pope against pope. On the one side there is a triumph, hardly disguised, in the terrors, in the sufferings, in the madness, which afflicted the later days of Clement; on the other, the profoundest honor, the deepest commiseration, for a wise and holy pontiff, who, but for the crime of his enemies, might have enjoyed a long reign of peace and respect and inward satisfaction. There a protracted agony of remorse in life and anticipated damnation—that damnation, if not distinctly declared, made dubious or averted only by a special miracle;—here an apotheosis—a claim, at least, to canonization. There the judgment of God pronounced in language which hardly affects regret; here more than insinuations, dark charges of poison against persons not named, but therefore involving in the ignominy of possible guilt a large and powerful party. Throughout the history of the Jesuits it is this which strikes, perplexes, and appals the dispassionate student. The intensity with which they were hated surpasses even the intensity with which they hated. Nor is this depth of mutual animosity among those or towards those to whom the Jesuits were most widely opposed, the Protestants, and the adversaries of all religion; but among Roman Catholics—and those not always Jansenists or even Gallicans—among the most ardent assertors of the papal supremacy, monastics of other orders, parliaments,* statesmen, kings, bishops, cardinals. Admiration and detestation of the Jesuits divide, as far as feeling is concerned, the Roman Catholic world, with a schism deeper and more implacable than any which arrays Protestant against Protestant, Episcopacy and Independency, Calvinism and Arminianism, Puseyism and Evangelicism. The two parties counterwork each other, write against each other in terms of equal acrimony, misunderstand each other, misrepresent each other, accuse and recriminate upon each other, with the same reckless zeal, in the same unmeasured language—each inflexibly, exclusively identifying his own cause with that of true religion, and involving its adversaries in one sweeping and remorseless condemnation.†

* See Crétineau Joly, p. 151, for the accusations adopted by the parliament of Paris, which only comprehend simony, blasphemy, sacrilege, magic, idolatry, astrology, irreligion of all kinds, superstition, unchastity, perjury, false witness, pervarication, theft, parricide, homicide, suicide, regicide. The charges against the doctrines of the Jesuits are equally enormous; they had taught every heresy, from Arianism to Calvinism, (all carefully recounted,) blasphemies against the fathers, the apostles, Abraham and the prophets, St. John the Baptist and the angels, outrages and blasphemies against the blessed Virgin, tenets destructive of the divinity of Jesus Christ, deistical, epicurean, teaching men to live as beasts, and Christians to live as pagans!

† Even now a writer, in some respects, in copiousness, in eloquence, in vigor, in extensive knowledge, the most

To us the question of the death of Clement XIV. is purely of historical interest. It is singular enough that Protestant writers are cited as alone doing impartial justice to the Jesuits and their enemies; the Compurgators of the "Company of Jesus" are Frederick II. and the Encyclopedists. Outcast from Roman Catholic Europe, they found refuge in Prussia, and in the dominions of Catherine II., from whence they disputed the validity and disobeyed the decrees of the pope. Moreover, to us the beauty of Clement's character depends by no means on his conduct in the affair of the Jesuits, but on his piety, his gentleness, his universal benevolence, his toleration. We care not much for his greatness; but we have a tender, almost an affectionate, regard for his goodness. We cannot forget that, if he hesitated to suppress the Jesuits, he was bold enough to prohibit, immediately on his accession, the publication of the famous bull, *In Canâ Domini*; he was the first so-called Vicar of Christ, for a century or two, that did not commence his reign by maledictions on all but one particular division of those professing the faith of Christ—the first—(and last?)—whose inaugural edict was not an anathema.

M. Crétineau Joly informs us that the pope signed the terrible brief with a pencil on a window in the Quirinal, and adds:—"It is reported, (*on raconte*,) and I have this narrative from the lips of Pope Gregory XVI., that after having ratified this act, he fell in a swoon upon the marble pavement, and *was not taken up till the next day*, (et qu'il ne fut relevé que le lendemain.") Does M. Crétineau, or did Gregory XVI. mean that he was so utterly neglected by his attendants as to have been left on the floor? or that he did not recover his senses, for the whole day? We presume that the relation of the late pope closed here. M. Crétineau proceeds:—

remarkable of modern Italy, Vincenzo Gioberti, seems to have concentrated within himself all the traditional hatred of the Jesuits, and fixed on himself their no less vindictive detestation. His huge volume, the "*Primato d'Italia*," soon came to be a text-book with a large part of the Italian clergy, especially in Piedmont. The theory of the "*Primato*" is to us simply preposterous. The eternal, the inalienable, the unforfeitable primacy of Italy, of Rome, and of the pope is as wild a vision as ever haunted the poet, or him whom in imaginative creativeness Shakspeare ranks with the poet, the lunatic. This indefeasible primacy we will begin to discuss when Italy shall have given birth to new Dantes, new Ariostos, new Tassos, new Da Vincis, new Michael Angelos, new Raffaelles, new Galileos—with greater Watts, more ingenious Fultons, more inventive Wheatstones. But even the "*Primato*," with all its eloquent appeal to the patriotic and ecclesiastical passions of Italy, was looked upon with mistrust so long as there were suspicions that Gioberti inclined to the Jesuit party. In another vast volume of "*Prolegomeni*," Gioberti not merely disclaimed all such alliance, but began a fierce war against the Jesuits. This gauntlet was taken up; he was replied to with bitter and unsparing, and, as far as we are informed, unjust personality. The "*Gesuita Moderno*," in five thick volumes, is Gioberti's pamphlet in rejoinder—a work which we could only have commended a few months ago to those who were anxious to measure the extent of modern Italian prolixity, and gauge the depths of modern *odium theologicum*; but which has now acquired other claims to attention: for there is no doubt of its having had great influence on the late general *pronunciamento* against the Jesuits in Italy.

Le lendemain fut pour lui un jour de désespoir et de larmes, car, suivant la relation *manuscrite*, qu'a laissée le célèbre théologien Vincent Bolgeni, le Cardinal de Simone (alors auditeur du Pape) racontait ainsi lui-même cette affreuse scène. Le Pontife était presque nu sur son lit; il se lamentait, et de temps à autre on l'entendait répéter, "O Dieu, je suis damné! l'enfer est ma demeure. Il n'y a plus de remède." Fra Francesco, ainsi s'exprime Simone, me pria de m'approcher du Pape, et de lui adresser la parole. Je le fis; mais le Pape ne me répondit point, et il disait toujours:—"L'enfer est ma demeure!" Je cherchai à le rassurer: mais il se taisait. Un quart d'heure s'écoula; enfin il tourna ses yeux vers moi, et me dit, "Ah! j'ai signé le bref; il n'y a plus de remède." Je lui répliquai qu'il en existait encore un, et qu'il pouvait retirer le décret. "Cela ne se peut plus," s'écria-t-il, "je l'ai remis à Monino, et à l'heure qu'il est, le courrier qui le porte en Espagne est peut être déjà parti." "Eh bien! Saint Père," lui dis-je, "un bref se révoque par un autre bref." "O Dieu," reprit-il, "cela ne se peut pas. Je suis damné. Ma maison est un enfer; il n'y a plus de remède."—p. 331.

The pope's misjudging friends, adds our author, would deprive him of the virtue of remorse. That remorse preyed upon him incessantly, as we are left to infer, from the 21st of July, 1773, to the day of his death. Cardinal de Bernis is quoted as revealing his fears of dying by poison, which had haunted him ever since his accession. He became mad; he had only glimpses of reason, ("des éclairs de raison;" the first and last pope, asserts M. Crétineau, who has suffered that degradation of humanity. The stern historian will waste no word of commiseration.

But all this is in direct contradiction with De Bernis' express, distinct, and particular statements quoted by M. St. Priest, and adduced in a more convenient place by our author. "Sa santé est parfaite et sa gaité plus marquée qu'à l'ordinaire:" thus writes the French cardinal on the 3d of November, 1773. Bernis is, on all points where his own vanity and display of influence are not concerned, an unexceptionable witness. He was living in the most friendly intercourse with the pope. And his story is confirmed by anecdotes—some cited by M. Crétineau himself, others by St. Priest, and many other writers. The date of Clement's first illness is marked with absolute precision. About the Holy Week, 1774, the pope (who up to that time had shown himself in public in the streets and in the churches in apparent health and vigor) suddenly shut himself up in his palace—even the ministers of the foreign powers were not permitted to approach him. It was not till the 17th of August that they were admitted to an audience. They were struck with his altered appearance—he was shrunk to a skeleton. He spoke cheerfully of his health; but every one saw that it was an effort. The account which transpired was that one day, as he rose from table, he was seized with violent internal pains and cold shiverings. He recovered; but soon after alarming symptoms appeared, not merely in the body, but in the mind also. He became

wayward, peevish, mistrustful. Daggers and poisoned phials were ever before him. He ate exciting food, which he dressed with his own hands. His mind wandered; he could not sleep; if he did, his sleep was broken with wild visions; he constantly prostrated himself before an image of the Virgin, and there lay sobbing, "Mercy! mercy!—compulsus feci! compulsus feci!"

After six months of these horrible sufferings, his faculties and his reason entirely returned. In the words of Cardinal de Bernis, cited by Count St. Priest, "the Vicar of Jesus Christ prayed, as his Redeemer did, for his implacable enemies, and, at this moment, so great was his delicacy of conscience, that he scarcely allowed the suspicions, which had haunted him since the Holy Week, to escape from his lips. He died on the 22d September. His body was in the most loathsome state—a state which we shrink from describing. An examination, however, did take place; the result of which by no means removed the dark suspicions which spread abroad."

The statements of Cardinal Bernis are confirmed in every point and every particular by another contemporary account—the relation of the sickness and death of Clement XIV. sent to the court of Madrid by the Spanish ambassador. This relation was printed in the "*Storia della Vita, &c. di Clemente XIV.*" (Firenze, 1778.) It was reprinted from another copy, found among the papers of Ricci, bishop of Pistoria, in the life of that prelate by De Potter, i., p. 236—256. This account is full, minute, and circumstantial; it describes every symptom, every change, the whole medical history of the case—the hour (here we request our readers to fix their attention, for reasons which will hereafter appear) at which the dying pontiff partook of the Holy Sacrament, and that at which he received extreme unction—the persons who officiated at this ceremony were well known; at least there was nothing strange or unusual, and the pope was faithfully waited upon by his usual attendants and friends.) The post-mortem examination is afterwards given with the utmost precision. In short, as far as internal evidence goes, we know nothing which can appear more trustworthy than this document—a document likely to be forwarded to the court of Madrid by the ambassador, and that ambassador in a position to command the most accurate information.

Our own disposition is towards severe mistrust in all such crimes as the poisoning of great people. We decline, therefore, to express any positive opinion on this historical problem. It is clear that Cardinal Bernis, who had carefully collected all the circumstances connected with the last illness of the pope, (a document unfortunately lost,) believed in the poison. "The physicians," he says, "who assisted at the opening of the body, express themselves with prudence—the surgeons with less caution." According to Cardinal Bernis, the successor of Clement, Pius VI., led him to believe that he was well informed as to the death of his predecessor, and was anxious to avoid

the same fate. Bernis adhered to his opinion to the last; so asserts M. St. Priest; the authority adduced by M. Crétineau Joly for his change of opinion seems to us utterly worthless. M. St. Priest expresses his own strong conviction of the poisoning, attested, as he says, "by the pope's successor himself, in a grave conversation with a prince of the church."

M. Crétineau Joly, of course, treats the story of the poison with contempt; one of his arguments appears to us singularly unfortunate. It is, in plain English, that the Jesuits could not have poisoned Clement XIV. after his accession, because they did not before. Then it would have been to their advantage; now it was too late, and of no use. It is a strange defence of the order, that they would not perpetrate an *unprofitable* crime. But is not revenge a motive as strong as hatred, even with fanatics? Moreover, till the actual publication of the brief, the Jesuits might and did entertain hopes of averting their doom, through the fears or irresolution of the pope. On the other hand, we cannot think the prophecies of the speedy death of the pope, which were industriously disseminated among the people, by any means of the weight which is usually ascribed to them, as against the Jesuits. A peasant girl of Valentano, named Bernardina Renzi, who signified by certain mysterious letters, P. S. S. V., Presto Sara Sede Vacante, was visited, it is said, by many Jesuits, and even by Ricci, the general of the order—of which latter fact we should have great doubts. But, granting that all these prophecies were actively propagated, encouraged, suggested by the Jesuits, it would only follow that they were pleasing and acceptable to their ears; they might have vague hopes of frightening Clement to death; at all events, to all who believed that they were of divine revelation, it showed that God was for the Jesuits and against the pope. But if they, or any party of fanatics among them, entertained the design of making away with the pope, it was not very consistent with Jesuit wisdom to give this public warning to the pope and his friends—to commit themselves by frauds which would rather counteract than further their purpose. Crime of this kind is secret and noiseless; it does not sound a note of preparation; the utmost that can be said is that these prophecies may have worked on the morbid and excited brain of some of the more fanatical, and prompted a crime thus, as it might seem to them, predestined by Heaven.

M. Crétineau Joly dwells on the disdain with which Frederick II. treated the story of the poisoning. We are not aware that his Prussian majesty possessed any peculiar means for ascertaining the truth, except from the Jesuits whom he had taken under his especial patronage, thinking that he could employ them for his own purposes. The judgment of many Protestant writers, somewhat ostentatiously adduced, may prove their liberality; but the authority of each must depend on the information at his command. The report of the physicians would be

conclusive if we knew more about their character and bias; and if Bernis had not asserted that the surgeons held a different language. On the physiology of the case we profess our ignorance—how far there are slow poisons which, imbibed into the constitution, do their work by degrees and during a long period of time. There is certainly no necessity for the "*dæmon ex machina*," the Jesuit with his cup of chocolate,* to account for the death of Clement, if it be true (and there is no improbability in the case) that he was of a bad constitution, aggravated by improper diet and self-treatment,† and by those worst of maladies in certain diseases of the body, incessant mental agitation, daily dread of death, and horrors which, darkening into superstition, clouded for a time his reason. What we know of the state of the body after death might perhaps be ascribed to a natural death under such circumstances, as well as to poison.

But we have not done with the death-bed of Pope Ganganelli. We have alluded to the beautiful incident related by Cardinal Bernis, that just before his dissolution his full faculties returned, and that his dying words, like those of his Master's first martyr, of his Master himself, were of forgiveness to his enemies.‡ With this prayer we should have left the pope in humble hope to the mercies of him to whom all judgment is committed by the Father.

But this is not enough; a pope, even though guilty of suppressing the Jesuits, must have a secure and certain absolutism. In the extract which we are about to make we assure our readers that we invite their attention to no scrap from a monkish chronicle of the middle ages, no fragment of hagiography disinterred from any of the Greek menologies, or from the Golden Legend, but a grave statement offered to us in the nineteenth century as an historical fact, and guaranteed by a solemn decision of the papal see:—

In his last moments his understanding was fully restored. The Cardinal Malvezzi, the evil angel of the pontiff, was attending him at the hour of death. God did not permit the successor of the apostles to expire unreconciled with Heaven. To snatch away the soul of the pope from hell, which, according to his own words, had become his dwelling, and in order that the grave might not close without hope on him who ceased not to repeat, "O! Dio! sono dannato," a miracle was neces-

* M. Crétineau Joly has great respect for the traditions of the higher, the priestly circles at Rome; the popular traditions are the other way. When the present pope visited one of the Jesuit establishments, the mob cried out, "Take care of the chocolate."

† It is right to state that in a voluminous Dictionary of Ecclesiastical History, by Gaetano Moroni, (a work the publication of which was commenced under the auspices of the late pope, Gregory XVI.,) among other arguments to discredit the poisoning, it is alleged that a celebrated Florentine surgeon, Nannoni, being in Rome, was consulted by the pope. Nannoni told him that his malady was an *affezione scorbutica universale, troppo avanzata nel sangue*; that proper care and diet might alleviate but could not cure the disorder.—*Art. Clement XIV.*

‡ The Spanish document is here more brief—"In mezzo agli atti di contrizione e pietà veramente esemplare resse l'anima al suo Creatore, verso l'ora 13," &c.—P. 246

sary—a miracle was wrought. Saint Alphonso de Liguori was then bishop of Santa Agata dei Goti, in the kingdom of Naples. Providence, which was *jealous rather for the honor of the supreme pontificate than for the salvation of a Christian compromised by a great fault*, designated Alphonso de Liguori as his intermediary between Heaven and Ganganelli. In the process for the canonization of that saint we read in what manner the prodigy was accomplished:—"The venerable servant of God, living at Arienzo, a small town in his diocese, (it was on the 21st September, 1774,) had a kind of fainting-fit. Seated on his couch, he remained two days in a sweet and profound sleep. One of his attendants wished to wake him. His vicar-general, Don John Nicolas de Rubino, ordered them to let him rest, but not to lose sight of him. When he at length awoke, he immediately rung his bell, and his servants hastened towards him. Seeing them much astonished, 'What is this?' he said; 'what is the matter?' 'What is the matter!' they replied; 'why, for two days you have neither spoken nor eaten, nor given any sign of life.' 'You, indeed,' said the servant of God, 'thought that I was asleep; but it was no such thing; you do not know that I have been away to minister to the pope, who is now dead.' Before long, information arrived that Clement XIV. had died at thirteen o'clock (between eight and nine in the morning)—that is to say, at the precise moment when the servant of God rang his bell."

Such is the statement which Rome, so difficult in the affair of miracles, and which does not avouch them till after mature examination, has guaranteed in the Acts of Canonization of Alphonso di Liguori. Rome has discussed; Rome has pronounced; this bilocation—[this being in two places at the same time]—is an historic fact!—P. 375.*

And M. Créteineau Joly is not content to leave this story in privileged obscurity in the acts of canonization. Verily, we comprehend at length the solicitude of the cardinals, the tears of the general of the Jesuits, the desire of the pope for the suppression of M. Créteineau Joly's book.

Mr. James Nasmyth, of Bridgewater Foundry, Patricroft, near Manchester, has tested, as it were, and proved the fact, of the identity of diamond and coke, by the discovery that the minute laminated crystals or crystlets of coke are capable of cutting glass with the true diamond clearness of cut, or without merely scratching. No other setting too is necessary to prove this fact, than the crumbling consistency of the coke itself in mass; so that a fragment of coke, switched at random across a pane of glass in the sunshine, is sufficient to exhibit not only the depth of the clear cut, but the prismatic colors in all their purity and beauty. Ground to

* "Informatio; animadversiones et responsio super virtutibus V. S. D. Alphonsi Mariæ di Ligorio" (Rome, 1806.) These acts we have not seen. We take them as quoted by our author. In Morone's Dictionary we read that Bishop Liguori was beatified in 1816 and canonized in 1839; but he died in 1786, and the taking of evidence about his claims had, of course, been begun early—and the decision on the various miracles recorded from time to time by the proper authorities, according to the rules which our readers may consult in the first three volumes of the "Opera Omnia" of Pope Benedict XIV., edition the 14th—for no less than three of those folios are occupied with his grand Treatise *De Beatificatione Servorum Dei et Canonizatione Beatorum*.

impalpable powder, Mr. Nasmyth, as intimated in the *Mining Journal*, has found that coke constitutes what we may call the true "diamond paste" for sharpening razors—probably, indeed, if we may venture to say so, the only secret of the diamond pastes so largely advertised, if they merit even so worthy a supposition. The adamantine properties of black oxide of manganese, and its peculiar affinities, induced an ingenious chemist to suggest its strong analogy to carbon; is it possible that it too, when in fragments, much more firmly crystalline as it is in mass than coke, may cut glass with practical facility!—*Builder*.

A REMARKABLE CHARACTER.—The Mobile Herald gives the following sketch of the life of Pierre Chastang, a free colored man, who died in that city a few days ago:

"We hastily announced on Tuesday the death of Major Pierre Chastang. He was so remarkable a man, in many respects, that a brief sketch of his life will, we are sure, interest many of our readers, and, perhaps, have a beneficial influence upon his own caste. Pierre was born in 1779, and was consequently 69 years old at his death. He was the slave of Jean Chastang, and in 1810 or '11 became the property of Regest Bernody.

"During the Indian war, and at the time General Jackson was in command of the troops in this city, Pierre, then known to the citizens as a brave, honest, trustworthy man, was appointed by Jackson patrol or captain of a government transport, to carry provisions to the troops stationed at Fort Montgomery, or Fort Mims, and to those in camp near the present site of Mount Vernon. The undertaking was perilous, as at that time the whole country was infested with hostile Indians, and but few persons could be found to take charge of an expedition attended with so great a risk of life. Pierre was, however, successful, and reached the troops in safety, with a supply of provisions, &c.

"In 1819, during the ravages of the yellow fever, Pierre rendered essential service to the city by taking care of the sick and protecting the property of the citizens. He and one or two other persons were compelled to act as nurses and sexton. The sickness and mortality were so great that it was difficult to have the patients properly cared for—three, four and five bodies were taken at a time in a cart, and deposited in a pit. As a matter of course, all who could get away precipitately fled from the pestilence, leaving their property in charge of Pierre.

"He daily opened the stores for the purpose of ventilation and securing the goods from damage. On the return of the merchants in the fall, they found everything safe, and, as some appreciation of his services and honesty, a subscription was at once taken up for his emancipation, also to purchase him a horse and dray. Since that period, his avocation as a drayman has enabled him to support his family quite handsomely, and at the same time amass a snug little property.

"Pierre, until within a year or two past, enjoyed throughout his long life uninterrupted health, and always seemed happy and contented. No person in this community, white or black, was ever more highly esteemed and respected, and no one in his sphere has been a more conspicuous, honest, benevolent and upright man. He always acted on the golden rule of doing unto others as he would be done by."

From the London Times, Aug. 3.

LATE EVENTS IN ITALY.

A REPORT has obtained currency that the armed intervention of the French in Lombardy has been imprudently demanded and prudently refused. Every circumstance in the present position of France would lead us to yield credence to this rumor, every tradition of her past history to regard it with very considerable hesitation. Nothing would be so fatal to the hope of tranquillity on the other side of the channel as a foreign war at the present moment. Gen. Cavaignac has enemies enough from within to contend with, without seeking to complicate his situation by the chances of a collision with any of the great powers of Europe. The Austrian Empire would appear to have been at the lowest point of decadence for some months past; but even so, with all the provinces of the empire driven off from the hereditary duchies as though by centrifugal force—with the old system of government broken up, and its originator an exile in a foreign land—with confusion and rebellion on this side and on that—no money in the treasury, no master mind to direct, no one to command, and no one to obey—Vienna, Prague, Pesth in revolution—the Austrian has still maintained a grasp on what were once his Italian provinces, which the determined efforts of Charles Albert and the vapid blusterings of the "Holy Crusaders" in Central and Lower Italy have been insufficient to undo. The position maintained by Marshal Radetzky and the success of his recent operations should suggest a doubt to the minds of all reasonable persons, if indeed a sponge has been so completely passed over that portion of the map of Europe where the venerable name of Austrian Empire was once inscribed, as enthusiasts have of late invited us to believe. We cannot but suppose that a man of General Cavaignac's well-tried prudence and forethought would in his own mind institute some sort of a comparison between the situation of the capitals, cities and domestic circumstances of France and Austria, while these armed legions were contending for the superiority in the broad plains of Lombardy. The situation of the Viennese has at no time since the revolutionary fever begun to run riot through Europe been half so desperate as was that of the Parisians but six short weeks ago. Even at the moment at which we write, a spark would be sufficient to light up again the furnace into which all that represents in France social order and the arts of peace may once more be cast. General Cavaignac is no doubt aware of the vast responsibility he would incur were he to commit a country so critically situated as is France just now, to the hazard of a contest with a power which even in its ruin has proved itself no contemptible opponent. Whether the rumor to which we have referred be founded on fact or not—and we rather hope than affirm it to be true—we have no doubt that the head of the French Republic, in forming his decision on this important question, will carefully weigh the position of

his own country as well as those of the powers against or in favor of whom his aid is invoked.

We doubt much if in France the power of what is called the "war party" to drive the government into immature and imprudent measures, is equal to what it has been in times gone by. The love of military glory is, as before, a predominant passion in the minds of Frenchmen, but all feelings and inclinations have given way for the time to an eager longing for the restoration of something like a settled order of things. The war party is not extinct in France, and never will be while French nature remains unchanged; but the nation and the government have just now stronger sympathies than with its aspirations.—The existence of this state of feeling throughout France will greatly facilitate General Cavaignac's efforts to maintain the tranquillity of Europe, and, consequently, the well understood interests of France intact.

If we now turn to the situation of the other parties concerned in this rumor we can find nothing inherent in the nature of the case which should lead us to discredit this report. We put altogether out of the case the vague aspirations and windy blusterings of Neapolitans, Romans, and Tuscans. They have had now ample time to aid efficiently in the "holy crusade," as they call it, had they possessed either power or inclination so to do. Charles Albert is not likely for the future to place much confidence in the promises or assistance of such allies. He has been left to contend single-handed with the forces of the Austrians under the command of Marshal Radetzky. Just of as little account are the proceedings of the provisional government at Milan, and, we may almost say, of the Lombards in general. We are reminded of nothing so much as of the sayings and doing of a Spanish Junta in the Peninsular War, when we read the accounts of what daily takes place at Milan—the silly requisitions to Charles Albert to effect impossible objects, the vast self-importance of the people, their fatuity in conception, their impotency in execution. The King of Sardinia, we apprehend, cannot be indisposed to negotiate on the basis of the terms offered after the fall of Peschiera—that is to say, for the line of the Adige—if, indeed, Austria be now disposed to renew the offer. The consolidation of Piedmont, Savoy, and Lombardy into a compact monarchy, containing 7,000,000 inhabitants on the lowest calculation—is no inconsiderable object to have attained in a single campaign, and that neither a long nor a bloody one. It is easy enough for persons who will not risk a scudo, nor extend a finger in aid of the Sardinian king, to bluster about treachery if Venetia shall be abandoned. The king, however, cannot but reflect that he has actually, or shortly will have, three powerful enemies on his hands if he commit the slightest imprudence, or lose the substance in grasping at the shadow. First, there is France on the side of Savoy, who will be disposed to aim at the annexation of that province if the Sar-

dinian limits be extended far in an easterly direction; next, there would be Austria eager to regain such a line as she would deem necessary to the existence of her power and her authority in the Upper Adriatic; and thirdly, Charles Albert must naturally be anxious not to give too much umbrage to the Italian potentates of Central and Lower Italy by establishing with undue precipitation too powerful a kingdom in the north of the Peninsula.

The interests of France and of the Sardinian king so clearly point to negotiation as the better course, that we cannot but give a certain credence to the report which announces that General Cavaignac has had the good sense to refuse any armed intervention of France in Upper Italy. The Austrians again will not be slow to take advantage of a happy truce of hostilities in their favor to assent to such a negotiation as would give her a boundary line towards Lombardy sufficient to secure her most important interests, and guard her for the future from sudden aggressions on the side of Italy.

From the Spectator, 12th August.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND IN ITALY.

Does the Anglo-Gallic intervention in Italy come too late? We believe not, if the intervening powers, and England especially, understand the true state of the case.

Yet it appears desperate enough. Old Radetzky, who was recently shut up in Mantua and Verona, is in possession of Milan with a huge army; the Italian victories of three months have been reversed in three weeks; and Radetzky, for whom there seemed no dignified retreat except to fall upon the sword reddened with his old triumphs, again bestrides the north of Italy. The Italian provinces of Austria are all but recovered; and there is no longer a question of mediating between belligerents in an equal field.

Yet again from no point of view can the mere military recovery of Austrian Italy be regarded as a settlement of the question between the Italians and Austria. It rather introduces new elements of difficulty. If the veteran Radetzky has recovered his pristine renown, Austria has not; the triumphs of an army do not restore the empire to its position as an irresistible power. The nest of the two-beaked eagle is aflame with revolution; and if there is still terror in her swoop, the victim knows that she must not delay to look at home. The single will and obstinate bigotry of Metternich are replaced by wavering councils and conflicting authorities; the imperial signet, that was obeyed to the death without question, must now be attested. The Italians have already talked of guerilla warfare; and if they are not yet trained to cope with Austrian armies in the field, they have learned to speak out, to question authority, to deal with Austrian officials in detail. If the princes and nobles cannot hold their own, the republicans will try their hand; and in such case will show a larger muster than they used to do. It is to be remembered,

that if the Italian armies—especially those of Lombardy and Naples—do not behave well in the field, they have been neglected and demoralized for the express purpose of disabling them to contend with Austria. In Naples, particularly, Ferdinand has followed the policy of Francis; and, while keeping up an army against his own people, has taken care to keep it under such a point as to afford no hope of naive resistance against the master power. Any notion of restoring the *status quo ante bellum*, therefore, would be a sheer delusion, and would only leave Italy for a battle-field of French republican propagandism against Austrian retrograde despotism; and a “nice mess” these two antagonist forces would make of it. Nor can England, after having gone so far in Italy, and apparently on such reasonable grounds, retract from the attempt at settlement.

The clue out of the difficulty will be to take into the account no circumstances except those which are realities—discarding the mere figments that beset all international questions just now. For example, it would be a very unsubstantial basis for any new distribution of political geography, to rest on mere nationality. A tendency to make territorial boundaries agree with race is not to be denied, and will have its influence; but political sympathies and established alliances will in many cases override that theoretical distinction. The traditions of Italy would be a very shadowy and bookish framework for practical statesmanship. Florence has outlived its republic; all that survived of it was thoroughly corrupted by the Medici; and all that is good in Tuscan institutions is due to the Austrian dukes, or to opinions imported within the century. Even Venice, though its republic endured to comparatively recent time, and had shown a stability through successive ages almost unparalleled, has passed through transitions that cut it off from the independence so ingloriously buried by the last doge, Manini. The prescriptive rights of Austria are more figmentary; her beneficial rule (God wot!) still more so; her “hold upon the affections of Italy” most of all; in every state of Italy, “the Austrian party” is the most paltry in numbers, the most abject, corrupt, and traitorous that ever existed; in none of the states would a popular declaration, even taken by the most limited suffrage, end in anything but a demand for independence of Austria.

But there are facts which are obvious, substantial, and cogent enough. The reviving intelligence of the nobles and the urban people is unmistakable. The tendency of Italy to conform to the general state of civilized Europe, with its constitutional monarchies, had been made apparent in the revolution. The feasibility of a federal union has been corroborated. The interests of the imperial family in the Italian provinces are quite intelligible; the family is numerous, and the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom has provided a considerable portion of the family income. But a pecuniary interest of that nature, especially in the case of a family whose tenure of the imperial throne is not

so undoubted as it was, and depends manifestly on the suffrages of Europe, is not difficult to dispose of. It is not for the interests of England or of Europe that French propagandism and Austrian despotism should fight out their last combat à l'outrance on the lands of Italy—that they should engage in a desperate struggle anywhere. Even Austria, we should think, might be made to understand the advantage to herself if Italy could be induced—as clearly she might—to set a good example of moderation in the reconstruction of states. All these facts, we say, are obvious, substantial, and cogent realities; which are the true data for such a settlement of the Italian question as shall best serve the interests of all parties and promote the most stable arrangements.

On the 12th August died Mr. George Stephenson, the author of the railway system, the first great practical improver of the locomotive steam-engine, the inventor (contemporaneously with Davy) of the safety-lamp, and a man who displayed a vigorous and original genius in everything which he undertook. He was born on the 9th of June, 1781, [was consequently, at the time of his death, in his 68th year] at a little village near Newcastle-on-Tyne, of parents in the humblest rank of life. His first occupation as a boy was attending to the steam-engines used at the mouth of coal-pits. Eventually, he became a coal-viewer, or surveyor and overseer; and distinguished himself in the coal district by an improved mode of carrying on some great works at Darlington. In 1812, a committee which had investigated the priority of the claims of the discoverers of the safety-lamp gave him a public dinner at Newcastle, at which he was presented with a silver tankard and a purse of a thousand guineas. In returning thanks he announced his intention of devoting that sum to the education of his only son, Robert, at the University of Edinburgh. The history of his employment to construct the Stockton and Darlington, the first public railroad, and the Liverpool and Manchester, the first on which locomotive engines were introduced for the conveyance of passengers—is well known. From the first journey of the locomotive built by the Stephensons over the railroad constructed by them, dates the actual commencement of the greatest mechanical revolution effected since the invention of the steam-engine by Watt. Though self-educated—scarcely educated at all beyond reading and writing until he had attained manhood, Mr. Stephenson took every opportunity of impressing upon the young the advantages of science and literature. He related at a public dinner at the opening of the Birkenhead Docks how, in his early career, after the labors of the day, he used to work in the evening at mending watches and clocks in order to earn enough to send his child to school. He was the founder and first president of the Society of Mechanical Engineers; and was never better pleased than when assisting by his advice and encouragement the ideas of ingenious artisans. In agriculture and horticulture he made many curious and successful experiments—and the study of geology was a passion with him. It is feared that the intermittent fever of which he died was occasioned by the damp miasma arising from the fertilizers which he employed with great success in his hot-

houses. In a brief and hurried notice it is impossible to do justice to so remarkable a man. In the words of a cotemporary writer: "His mechanical genius was of that order that it may without exaggeration be asserted that if Watt had not previously invented the steam-engine he was capable of achieving it. Others before him had prepared the way; others since have contributed valuable improvements in detail; but to George Stephenson unquestionably belongs the proud title of the Author of the Railway System. He gathered the many threads of ingenuity and enterprise, and weaved them into the wide-spreading net-work which promises, in its manifold extension, to envelope the whole world in bonds of commerce, civilization, and peace."—*Athenæum*.

In Arthur Young's *Travels in France*, from 1787 to 1789, there is a passage indicating a very early knowledge, in a crude form, of the principle and practice of the electric telegraph. "In electricity, he (M. Lomond) has made a remarkable discovery; you write two or three words on a paper; he takes it with him in a room, and turns a machine enclosed in a cylindrical case, at the top of which is an electrometer, a small fine pith ball; a wire connects with a similar cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment; and his wife, by remarking the corresponding motions of the ball, writes down the words they indicate; from which it appears that he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of wires makes no difference in the effect, a correspondence might be carried on at any distance; within or without a besieged town for instance; or for a purpose much more worthy and a thousand times more harmless, between two towns prohibited or prevented from any better connection."

WOMEN are best when they are at rest,

But when is that, I praye?

By their good-will they are never still,

By night, and eke by daie.

If the weather is bad, all daye they gad,

They heede not winde or raine;

And all their gay geare they ruine, or neare,

For why, they not refraine.

Then must they chat of this and that,

Their tongues alsoe must walke;

Wheresoever they goe they alway do soe,

And of their bad husbundes talke.

When commeth the night, it is never right,

But ever somewhat wronge;

If husbundes be wearie, they are so mery,

They never cease one song.

Then can they chide, while at their side

Their husbundes strive to sleepe;

"Why, how you snore! goe lye on the floore,"—

Such is the coile they keepe.

So women are best when they are at rest,

If you can catch them still;

Crosse them, they chide, and are worse, I have tried,

If you grant them their will.

Give them their way, they still say nay,

And chaunge their minde with a trice.

Let them alone, or you will owne

That mine was good advice.

Old Ballad.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 23d August, 1848.

For the week or ten days past the weather has been wet, and therefore unfavorable for the grape. It would seem that the crop of grain in France is about an average. The winter will not superabound in food. Our nights are already very cool. Crops in Great Britain are threatened by the rainy spell: the potato-rot in Ireland forbodes a calamity even worse than any insurrection. The potato has not wholly escaped in France. Other vegetables are excellent and immense in quantity. Your harvests begin to be again a subject of direct interest with Europe.

Upon events in France, depend, in a large measure, the destinies of this continent, and thus they claim constant American attention; because your commercial, agricultural, and even political interests, must be sensibly affected by the sequel, for good or ill. It is a false notion, common with you, that you are, in duty or consistency, bound to sympathize with *all* revolutions called democratic or republican, and *all* insurrections against abused power. Realities, however, and probable results deserve reflection, in the first place. Revolutionary *solidarity*—headlong partnership—is preached here; and the rulers are stigmatized for not planting, immediately, the republican banner of France on the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the banks of the Rhine, with a vehement call to the nations, who would then rise *en masse*. At the sitting of the Assembly, yesterday afternoon, the question of intervention in Italy being on the tapis, General Cavaignac delivered a short but masterly speech, in the contrary sense. Let me quote a little:

When he had entered on his present position in the government, his first care was to examine most carefully the situation of the foreign relations of the country. Naturally Italy had been the object of the serious attention of the government, and the view which the National Assembly took of the question had been clearly expressed in the sitting of May 24, when an order of the day *motivé* showed how much it had at heart the enfranchisement of Italy. The maintenance of an honorable peace—a peace worthy a country like France, that is to say, a peace which should not exclude such aid as the government might be called on to afford to nationalities, whose hour seemed to have arrived—such had appeared to him the principle adopted by the Assembly. (Adhesion.) The government saw that great caution was required in its mode of acting in the question, as any premature or unadvised step would precipitate the country into war. Such had been his views before the late events, and, if possible, that opinion had been increased since then. He believed that the continuance of peace was necessary for the well-being of France, and he need scarcely say that, in certain situations, it required more real courage to maintain peace than to urge a country into the path of war. (Loud approbation.) The government had determined to follow pacific means for the settlement of the affairs of Italy; and the more so that the Lombardo-Venetian population had formally declared that they were

determined to work out their own independence by their own exertions. The Piedmontese and Lombard army was already in full retreat, before any application was made to France for intervention. In fact, not only it had not been demanded, it had absolutely been refused. The government in that state of things entered into a negotiation with England, showing that the state not only of Italy but of Europe called for the common action of the two countries, with a view to a pacific mediation. That appeal had been fully responded to, as the government had expected.

You must admit another passage, because the man is now *power*.

In the history of this country, said the honorable general, I see many men earning a name for themselves by war, whilst on the other hand those who served their country by peace, finished their career obscurely, in the calm which they had themselves secured. For my part I have never had less respect for the one class than for the other. (Hear, hear.) And I think that the republican education will be further advanced, when the sentiment of which I speak shall be more prevalent in the public mind. If, by the line of conduct which I have adopted, I contribute to ensure to my country an honorable peace, a peace worthy of the republic, I conceive that in so doing I shall have rendered it the greatest service in my power; if, on the contrary, I shall not be able to carry out my views—if some day or other I should have to come here and demand from you to enter on the path of war, not only I should do it without apprehension, but I should, you may believe me, find it easy to resume the habits of my whole life. Be certain, gentlemen, that in such a case, it will be, I will not say agreeable, but certainly easy, to again grasp the sword. (Hear, hear.) Until then I shall know how to resist, with an immovable firmness, all the inducements that may lead to acts contrary to the honor and prosperity of the republic. (Loud applause.)

So would Washington have spoken. Some foolish remarks were uttered by Jules Favre—practised debater and professional orator—about the degradation, for France, in being placed in the wake of England, and the general ideas of the *people*. Speakers the least accustomed to the rostrum, are sometimes the best; Cavaignac overcame Favre at once. His victory was that of sound and prompt intelligence and manly patriotism, replying to mere rhetoric and political cant. He observed:—

The honorable deputy had said that the government appeared to follow in the wake of England. That was an accusation which he energetically rejected. The popular feeling had been also invoked. He could not, by any means, allow that the honorable gentleman was the organ which he represented himself to be. But even if that were the case, it would prove nothing, as it was the duty of the government to correct popular feeling when misled, rather than yield to it in its unwise requirements. (Hear, hear.) For my part, said the honorable president, I shall always consider it my duty to employ all the information which my position in the government places at my disposal, to enlighten public feeling, rather than yield without having opposed it. (Approbation.)

Lord Palmerston is rebuked by some of the London oracles for a seeming palinode in the case of Italy. He declined to mediate before the tug of war between Austria and Sardinia, but now consents, when one side is entirely victorious with lamentable effusions of blood. But his lordship is a shrewd statesman and a thorough monarchical Briton. He saw, in the outset, that mediation would be of little avail, because it was impossible to devise terms which both sides could admit. Now, this may be done. Moreover, he was sure, probably, that the Austrians would conquer, and then a settlement more eligible for England's old ally and the cause of monarchy could be accomplished. At the moment when the Italian cry of agony seemed to exact military intervention from the French government, the British minister moved precisely in the way to relieve that government, accommodate Austria, and prevent a general war. The London Times of the 20th inst. holds this judicious language:—

It is most desirable that the British government should cause it to be distinctly understood that, whilst we do not withhold from the French republic that amount of confidence and good-will which it appears to deserve, we by no means throw the weight of this country into the revolutionary movement in Europe; but that, on the contrary, we attach increased value to the maintenance of close relations with those unshaken and powerful states which profess an undeviating respect for their public engagements, and are sincerely desirous of preserving the general peace. That common object is sufficiently great to induce us to lay aside sentimental predilections, and it is equally impolitic to insult a neighboring republic or to turn our backs on the autoeracy of the Russian empire. We have, indeed, an opinion as to the ultimate course of events not altogether favorable to the maintenance of the closest relations with the French republic, for we cannot forget that the writers of the *National* and the champions of the revolution have labored for a long series of years to instil into the people of France the deadliest hatred of the policy and institutions of Great Britain. But, whilst we are not disposed to take the professions of the moment for more than they are worth, we give to General Cavaignac and M. de Beaumont, his envoy in this country, full credit for a sincere desire to maintain those principles of moderation which are the safeguard of the peace of Europe; and we have no desire either to underrate the power of the French nation or to undervalue the moderation shown by its rulers in the use of that strength.

For a proper understanding of the present and future of this continent, ethnographical studies are quite material. The antagonism of races has become as active and fearful an agency as that of principles, doctrines, or classes. Cyprion Roberts' volumes on the Slavonian World claim an attention which was not, on their appearance, paid them, out of Paris. The author now holds the chair of Slavonian literature which Cousin created for the great Polish poet, lately a warrior in Lombardy. The following apt paragraphs of the Paris *Réforme*, of this morning, have just caught my eye:—"What

mighty occurrences in the vast empire of Austria, may we not soon witness. There, the races are in motion and collision, at the same time that all the political and social questions which divide and agitate other countries, equally obtain with like concussion. What is to emerge from that chaos where nobles, citizens, and operatives bandy the pregnant problems of social destiny—where Tchêches, Madgyars, Croatians, Servians, Hungarians, Germans, contend fiercely for the power of determining the destinies of all? May we anticipate the triumph of absolutism with the victorious sword of Radetzki? Or democracy, thanks to the university propagandism, and the brawny arms of the *prolétaires* of Vienna? Will the Slavonian race prevail over the German, in spite of the artillery and bombs of Windischgraetz? Will the Hungarian-Madgyars get the better of the insurgent races of the South—Ilyrian, Servian, Croatian? Will Pesth have a national government? What nation—what social and political constitutions shall we contemplate on the richest shores of the Danube? Was the fate of the empire of the Cæsars of Austria ever more doubtful? Our advices yesterday from Vienna augur changes that may change the whole aspect of Europe. Vienna incessantly undermines the throne of the old and feeble emperor.

At Prague, at a great military dinner, the officers proclaimed that they awaited only the termination of the war in Italy to teach the students and rabble at Vienna a salutary lesson, and that there could be no political stability or social security save under an absolute sceptre. But, then, look to the audacious and able chief Jellachich, of Croatia, with eighty thousand men at his disposal, preparing to march, and announcing that he means to rescue the Austrian monarchy, and found a *constitutional empire* on the maxims *fraternity and equality!*" The premier of the new cabinet of Germany, Prince de Linange, has put forth an article with the title, *Of Two Things One*—absolute German consolidation and unity, or no German empire. The point, he argues, must be solved at once! There is no alternative against continued revolution, civil war, and anarchy, for the Germans, except the *absorption of the sovereignty of the several states by the central power*. The London Quarterly Review dwells on the difficulty of fusing thirty-eight sovereign states, including such kingdoms as Prussia, Wurtemberg, Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, with their historical recollections and feelings, into one hereditary monarchy. It observes:—"If the provincial states of Germany are severally disorganized, it is hard to conceive how the supreme central power which is to be constituted by their joint wisdom, can make any near approach to the stipulated efficiency." Admit an additional conception of the Quarterly. "If the dispositions of the sovereigns who constitute the Diet, were conformable to the temper and opinions of the German people, and if they were honestly to avail themselves of the federal machinery already existing, it might be thought that the present constitution of

Germany would satisfy any reasonable desires for nationality, as, most certainly, it may be concluded that it is more practically available for such purposes than any which, within man's memory, ever existed before." This German unity, according to the aims and pretensions of the National Assembly at Frankfort, would, indeed, be a stupendous political creation, formidable to the rest of the continent, and especially to France. It would, as surely, *preclude republican freedom*. The royalties and aristocracies, in yielding as far as they have done—in feigning to sacrifice their proud individuality—have, we may suppose, been actuated by fear of democratic sway in their respective limits; and, if that fear be removed, will quickly indulge their old spirit of independence and rivalry.

You cannot fail to remark the details of the grand and memorable *Cathedral Festival* at Cologne, on the 14th of this month. The king of Prussia took, indeed, the left of the Archduke John, vicar of the empire, and played the part of the subaltern, in his toasts and general demeanor. But his ambition to be, himself, the head of the unity, was early manifested; the archduke, an unambitious man, would gladly extricate himself from the station; and an eye-witness furnishes these particulars. "It was easy to perceive in the king's countenance, that he was not over-cordial when he expressed the official welcome to the deputation of the National Assembly of Frankfort. It was noted that he enunciated slowly, and with emphasis, the conclusion of his address. 'I am convinced that you will not forget that, in Germany, there are *sovereigns*, and that I am of the number.' " The vicar and the king have been, at all times, close personal friends. It is probable that they fully understand and abet each other in relation to the Frankfort Assembly. His majesty of Prussia had special motives to appear and act as he did in the centre of his Rhenish provinces. Yesterday's Frankfort mail brought us information that he had proposed a permanent Prussian committee, out of the Assembly, which proved so obnoxious a plan to this body, that it was speedily withdrawn. It is reported from Berlin that the *counter-revolutionists* were endeavoring to induce Frederick to resign in favor of the prince of Prussia, his brother and presumptive heir, who enjoys the highest favor with the army and the *bureaucracy*, and would reinstate the monarchy in its pristine vigor. There may be too much truth in the following sentences of an English observer:

It is evident that if the central government at Frankfort has occasion to give orders which are distasteful to the people by whom they are to be obeyed, such orders will not be executed, and that to enforce them is to give the signal of civil war. One of the first conditions of the old confederation was that the members of it should not make war on each other; one of the first necessities of the empire would be to enforce by arms the will of the central authority. The real test of obedience and authority is not where parties agree to do the same thing, but where they differ, and one of the two must submit to the other. Prussia has contributed no man of much note to the imperial cabinet, with the ex-

ception of the minister of war. The refusal of M. Camphausen and Chevalier Bunsen to accept office at Frankfort upon the terms on which it was offered to them is a clear indication of the true feeling which prevails at Berlin towards the central power. As long as Prussia hoped to retain that power principally in her own hands, her statesmen and princes were the most zealous partisans of that supreme authority; but when it turned out that the renovated empire was to be governed by an Austrian prince, a Bavarian prime minister, and a cabinet composed of men from Hesse, Nassau, and the Hanse towns, the zeal of Prussia subsided into coolness, distrust, and even hostility. In all these transactions we still look in vain for the will of a statesman, based upon the authority of a sovereign or of the majority of an assembly. Everything is indefinite and irresponsible. No real approximation has been made to the adoption of a practical form of government beyond the rejection of a few rude and unpromising schemes, and it is deplorable to think to what an extent the present welfare and influence of Germany have been sacrificed to the hopes of an uncertain future. That is the cause of the restless and misjudging popular feeling which has led to the aggression on Denmark and the threats now addressed to Holland in the province of Limburg. It is a want of steady purpose and pacific influence in the supreme councils of the nation. Far from rising by the possession of more liberal institutions, Germany has fallen under the government of men far below the standard of her great school of statesmen, and the language of her public men as well as the wisdom of her cabinets has undergone a temporary decline. She will discover at length that professors and bankers, however eminent in their own departments, are not infallible guides for a great nation, and not one of them has earned up to this time the genuine confidence and unqualified support of his countrymen.

Paris, 24th August, 1848.

My journeys from St. Germain to the capital are usually performed by the seven o'clock morning train—a ride of three-quarters of an hour. On Monday week, I was particularly struck with the picturesque appearance of the tops of the two very long trains of St. Germain and Versailles, which meet near the Paris station. They were covered with the *Garde Mobile*, and soldiers of the line, who had been allowed a holiday for a Sunday excursion into the country. No popular riots were apprehended the day before, and they could be spared. But last Monday (21st inst.) the case was different. Very few could be seen about the trains. The Guards and the line were held in readiness, on Saturday, to repel an expected attempt on the National Assembly, in the rear, and with the pretext of a deputation to that body, of many hundreds of the mothers, sisters, and wives of the captured insurgents of June. Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, all the avenues to the hall of the Assembly were suddenly occupied by troops, and a large array of cavalry appeared on the adjacent quay and the Place de la *Concorde*. The ladies made a demonstration behind the hall; but they were persuaded to deliver their petition for an amnesty, to a representative, and to retreat as a

matter of prudence. It had been arranged in the faubourgs that they should be followed by a multitude of male sympathizers, congregated near the Pantheon and on other places in the faubourgs St. Jacques and St. Germain. In the car in which I was seated on the 21st, were seven French gentlemen—two of them representatives. Their conversation, which was animated and unremitting, was highly interesting and instructive with regard to public affairs. All expressed, by both tongue and countenance, extreme disquietude; not one had confidence in a republic or a constitution; nor could they form any definite notion of the solution of the political and social problem. On quitting them, I had occasion to ascend the *boulevards* as high as the Porte St. Martin. From a little below, and all along to the Porte St. Denis and the Rue St. Antoine, troops were *echeloned*; the shopkeepers stood at their doors with faces of anxiety, and groups of the people inquired and conversed earnestly at the corners. After transacting my business in the Rue de Rivoli, it was necessary for me to cross the Place de la Concorde, and ascend the *Champs Elysées*, some distance. Battalions were posted everywhere; the palace of the Assembly showed all its defences. The answer to my inquiries was uniformly—"No doubt an *émeute* is expected; but we know nothing more." In the evening, a mob-movement was concerted against the mansion of M. Thiers; the piquets on the route from the western and northern suburbs deterred the enemy. On Tuesday, when on a visit to Versailles, I learned that the garrison of that city was to be augmented to twenty thousand men of all arms—considered as a part of that of Paris. The inhabitants of Versailles rejoiced in the prospect of protection and *gain*. Most of the good lodgings are tenanted by refugee gentry from the capital.

You have been informed of the decision of the National Assembly, that the whole report and evidence of the committee of inquiry into the causes and circumstances of the insurrections of May and June, should be published. The matter is spread through three quarto volumes, of which the last will be distributed this day. Our journals have already drawn copiously from the first and second; and a universal and deep sensation has attended the perusal of the extracts. The appalling and fatal gulf, on the brink of which the metropolis and, indeed, all France stood from February—and yet stand, though with less peril—is completely laid bare. The members of the provisional governments and the ministers have testified amply and frankly concerning each other and on their common situation. A mass of more curious details, and of stronger admonition for every civilized capital and country, is certainly not extant, except, perhaps, in the annals of old revolutionary France. It is conceded, that the government was constantly subject to the mob and the clubs, and rendered incapable, by its own dissensions and heterogeneity, of any consistent, systematic, or safe admin-

istration. Marie and Arago, the two most respectable members, depose, that when the government was formed, it comprised different and conflicting elements—"the moderate republic, the red republic, and the social, which was the principal and most dangerous." They add, with Lamartine, "the people were masters of the government"—and that they were able to drag on, and actually hung together until the meeting of the National Assembly, is explained thus:

The three dissensions in the government seem one of the causes which helped to maintain a government until the meeting of the National Assembly; the socialists feeling assured so long as Louis Blanc and Albert formed part of the government; the red republicans being satisfied with M. Ledru-Rollin and M. Flocon; the bourgeoisie with M. Arago, M. Lamartine, and M. Marie. But the danger came when the Assembly met. The fusion was a misfortune.

All denounce Louis Blanc and Caussidière as prompters and parties to the outbreaks of May and June. The guilt of Ledru-Rollin seems to me equally demonstrated. All the opinions and views which I have submitted to you since the revolution of February, are confirmed by the disclosures in these volumes. What remains as chiefly important is the avowal of the official men, only last month, of the *existing* dangers. Trouvé-Chauvel, the prefect of police, averred that the object of the June insurrection was the complete overthrow of society. "Massacre and conflagration were to be the means, and pillage and dominion the result." The money lavished, came from the *ateliers*. Let me cite a part of his deposition:—

Sitting of July 4th.—The witness said that great measures ought to be taken without delay for the relief of trade and manufactures. He considered the prospects of the future to be alarming, and had worse apprehensions now than after May 15th. The insurgents were exasperated by despair, their threats were most violent, and their projects most atrocious. They would not have recourse to street fighting and barricades, but to murdering of women and children, fire and pillage. Their infamous projects were especially directed against the first, second, and tenth arrondissements. M. Trouvé-Chauvel then went on to state that among 130 prisoners arrested for the conspiracy of May 15th, there were 45 partisans of Barbès, 36 of Henry V., 58 Bonapartists, and 1 partisan of the Regency.

Sitting of July 6th.—The witness said that in the papers of a man named Villain, they had found the complete organization of the Society of the Rights of Man, which had fourteen branches in the department of the Seine. The number of members is 20,000. The chiefs of the National Workshops and of the Society of the Rights of Man were the directors and the organizers of riots and disturbances. On May 28th, at seven in the evening, he wrote to the minister of the interior, requesting his sanction for the arrest of the principal heads of that society, whose names he gave. Notwithstanding all he could say, permission was refused him, not only by the minister, but by the whole executive.

On the 11th ult. General Changarnier, commander of the National Guards, on being asked what the position of Paris was, answered:—

The insurgents were greatly discouraged; but they are regaining courage, and seem inclined to re-commence the struggle. A very active correspondence is established between the insurgents and the provinces. He added that he believed that a new insurrection would take place, and he pointed out measures calculated to crush it more promptly than had been done in June. He believed, he said, that the insurrection of 16th April would have been more formidable if he had not taken the measures he had.

General Cavaignac said, at a recent sitting of the Assembly, "The anarchists are rather exasperated than discouraged by their defeat." He was obliged to suspend, on the 21st, four of the incendiary journals. Many remain, and use every topic of excitement. Sixty representatives, radicals, have signed a petition for pardon to all the insurgents of June. Of the three divisions of these, already shipped from Havre, a large portion evinced implacable rage, and reliance upon fresh attempts of their confederates, which would enable them to return for vengeance. Of the *amazing* documents, the official history of the clubs is not the least so. In an incredibly short time, nearly a hundred and fifty of them were organized in the capital. Some, with more than twenty thousand registered anarchists and bandits, with *codes* surpassing all the *codes noirs* that ever have been paraded or imagined by abolitionists. To-morrow, Friday, the discussion of the report and evidence is to be opened in the Assembly; the executive is preparing the military forces as if a foreign hostile army of 100,000 were at the gates.

Editor Girardin, whom Cavaignac consigned to durance vile for a fortnight, calls, this morning, on his aggrieved "contemporaries" to meet at 11 o'clock to-day, to deliberate upon measures suited to the crisis in which there is no freedom whatever for their pens, and their sheets may be suppressed or suspended at executive pleasure. The attempt is an imitation of what was undertaken by the Paris press, in July, 1830, against the ordinances of Charles X. Girardin will succumb with such an adversary as the general. Two editors, though disaffected, discreetly decline the invitation. This day, likewise, the revolutionary *réunion* (representatives) of the Palais Royal and the members of the democratic absolute *réunion*, (Jacobin,) hold a joint meeting for "an important communication," conjectured to relate to operations in the Assembly. The melancholy presage seems general that Paris must undergo another and desperate conflict of parties in the hall and out of doors; no quarters to be given; a final struggle for ascendancy. A catastrophe may be averted by the anticipation of the horrors with which this grappling of the spirits of evil and good would be accompanied. The sittings of the Assembly this week have been stormy enough. Representative agitation stimulates the faubourgs

and the secret societies which have multiplied since the closing of most of the clubs.

The foreign mails bring us direful reports. Some rather apocryphal—such as a sanguinary insurrection at Warsaw, and the bombardment of that city for five hours by the Russians—a successful revolution at St. Petersburg and Moscow, and the flight of Emperor Nicholas to Cronstadt; vast military preparations and night and day watch in London against a rising of the masses; the rejection of the Anglo-French mediation by the Austrian cabinet. We are told from the south, that Turin, Genoa and Venice repudiate the armistice and almost the authority of Charles Albert, and the republican liberals move heaven and earth to renew the struggle with Marshal Radetzky. Certain it is that the cholera is awfully fatal in Asia Minor and Egypt. On the 5th inst. the Sublime Porte had not yet recognized the French republic, but awaited the example of Russia. Greece was tranquil at the latest dates. I have seen letters from Rome, of the 14th inst., in which it is related that notwithstanding the hourly cries in the eternal city, of Death to the Barbarians—Let us us *fly* to the aid of our brethren of Bologna, let us register ourselves as instant deliverers—not a man did march. The minister of finance has submitted to our National Assembly a bill for a tax of sixty millions of francs on personal income, and another for an indemnity of ninety millions of francs (cash) for the owners of slaves in the French colonies. Both have been referred. Some of the Montagnards—crimson republicans—protested against the amount of the indemnity. It is proposed by committees to revive the duty on salt, with a reduction of a third—and to repeal the decrees abolishing work in the prisons and limiting the day's labor in Paris and the provinces to ten and eleven hours. The ministers suspend their soirées for to-morrow. The Gazette of Lyons announces that a considerable number of operatives have repaired from that city to this capital—not to seek work, but to *barricade*.

Translated from the Paris Journal des Débats, of the 21st August.

We wish to maintain, upon names and upon men, the degree of reserve that justice requires. But, amidst the revelations of the commission of inquiry, we see other things beside proper names, individuals or parties; we see a state of morals, the aspect of which wrings from us a cry of fear and sorrow. It is in vain that we would try to close our eyes to the fatal light which, now, is thrown on all society, from the highest to the lowest—in palaces and in caverns. What can we say, alas! to the wondering universe? What will they say, who have already shown to their people, as a warning and dreadful lesson, the sad spectacle of our sufferings, intestine broils and misery! How then! Is it from the mouth of the leaders of the people, of those who have lived with, fought and conspired with the people, that such horrible acknowledgments fall? Is it true

that there is under the sun, in the face of nature, at Paris, a horde of 400,000 men ready to raze to the ground this city, which was formerly styled the capital of the civilized world; a band of 400,000 workmen who would prefer to see Paris disappear rather than draw back, and who would accomplish their work with Lucifer matches? And these are the people to whom it has been said, "You shall have everything you want; you shall be rich and happy, you shall be the first as you have been the lowest." And when tired of waiting, when they find these culpable promises are false, they then take their muskets, turn up the pavement, and unfurl the red banner; men kill each other, women and children weep; then those workmen who have neither hearths, homes, or a God, fall, shouting the dreadful cry that we have read—"Vengeance and pillage," and rush into the presence of their Creator with this imprecation on their lips. And above, look above to the government, what do you see? a sort of universal dim vision, something like that dizziness which seizes the head when at the summit of a high tower; some men carried along like those who descend a Russian mountain of snow, with their eyes shut. In the midst of this medley we do not seek the guilty; individuals are absorbed and lost in events, and human liberty is, as it were, stifled by the hand of history. But what a scene must this eager, passionate game have been, which was played by those in power! what prodigious gambling and venture political and social! Around the *lansquenet* table, behold the players, restless, excited and feverish: they have but one idea in their heads; one word only on their lips. Listen—each says, "If I am involved, there will always be time enough for me to blow my brains out." Chance and infatuation are the gods they worship; and when the sibyl (*Madame Sand*) brings in two or three leaves, they draw one at hazard, and throw *bulletins* of terror and anarchy all over the country.

And liberty and authority, what becomes of them in this confusion? They fall in pieces in the hands of those who are disputing about them, and as a last and supreme reason appears the grand order, "Discharge your muskets—call your men; we will call ours, and we will go down into the streets." This is the last word, and this word is repeated every day. Do you recollect the German ballad, where the pupil of a magician who has discovered the secret of his master wished, like him, to give commands to nature? He directed his wand to go and seek water; the docile instrument obeyed, but it did nothing but bring water continually, and the house was nearly submerged. The imprudent scholar who had evoked this hidden might, in vain tried to stop it: alas! he forgot the magical invocation; terrified, he lifted up his hands to heaven and cried, "O my Lord and master, save me from this danger: I have dared to evoke your spirits, but I do not know how to restrain them." Yes, it is a terrible spectacle, oh Sophist (Prudhon); but do not say it is a sublime one! Would to God it was no reality; that it

was but a nightmare. But it is written. In reading this account of yesterday, let us think on to-morrow; let the dismal lamp of the past enlighten us on the road of the future. Is this the moment to occupy ourselves with *men*? We have all, in every rank, in every class, in every party—we have other things to do. We must unite our efforts to purify and restore the diseased society of which we are members, and to establish a current of pure and wholesome air through that sink of corruption and filth which the evil disposed among us have boasted they could explode with phosphoric matches.

TESTIMONY of M. Layeux, commissary of police:—On Monday, April 3d, at half past ten in the morning, the commissaries of police were assembled at the prefecture. M. Caussidière addressed them to the following purport:—"In general the commissaries of police do not appear to comprehend the actual position of things; they are lukewarm and wanting in zeal and energy. They must show an active spirit if they wish to preserve their *important* functions. It had been sufficiently proved ~~that the~~ government was unwilling to displace any ~~one~~ without an absolute necessity, although motives or pretexts had certainly not failed. The commissaries of police should understand themselves, and give the inhabitants of their quarters who were imbued with old opinions, whether Carlist, Henriquinist, Philippist, regency, or others, to understand that the simple manifestation of these opinions might produce a reaction towards a past régime, and be the signal for an overwhelming manifestation; that 400,000 workmen were only waiting for the signal to raze Paris smooth with the earth; that they had no need of arms, for chemical matches would be sufficient for them. An insensate opposition by the deputies from the provinces would be the signal for the destruction of Paris, which they would rather see swept away than yield; that the people suspended over the heads of those suspected of reaction the sword of Damocles, in the shape of a hatchet. The people wished for a republic, but that it should be good and honest, treating the higher classes with due consideration, if they submitted with a good grace."

THE *Times*, of the 22d August, thus comments on the evidence:—The evidence respecting the Parisian insurrections of May and June is now before us, and we are not surprised at the vehement and conflicting emotions which the publication of these documents has excited amongst all parties in France. It is utterly beyond our power to publish, or even pass in review, the infinite variety of facts which are here recorded for the warning of our contemporaries and for the information of posterity. But the impression these disclosures leave on the mind is of the deepest character. The picture may hereafter be drawn with more skill by the lucid and discriminating pen of future historians, but this mass of evidence has the merit and the demerit of a daguerreotype

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.—The *LIVING AGE* is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be addressed to the office of publication, as above.

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A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

The advertisement is a black and white illustration. In the center, the text "LITTELL'S LIVING AGE." is prominently displayed in a large, serif font. Below this, the word "BOSTON:" is followed by the address "E. LITTELL & CO., 165 TREMONT ST." and a list of agents in Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Mobile, New Orleans, and Cincinnati. At the bottom of the central text block, it says "Free of CHOLIDGE & WILEY, 12 Water Street, Boston." Surrounding this central text are numerous magazine covers, each with its own title and decorative elements. The covers include "THE RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW", "LA BELLE APOUR", "THE ECLECTIC REVIEW", "THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL", "DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE", "BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE", "THE ATHENÆUM", "EDINBURGH REVIEW", "QUARTERLY REVIEW", "LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE", "THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW", "FRASER'S MAGAZINE", "BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY", "THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE", and "THE POLITICAL AND LONDON MAGAZINE". The covers are arranged in a circular pattern around the central text, creating a sense of a collection or a variety of publications.

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Boston, July 26, 1848.

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A clergyman from Tennessee called on us recently, and informed us of a custom of his, (which we venture to recommend to our readers,) viz: to make a subscription to the HOME JOURNAL.

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for in this way he both gave them continual pleasure and instruction, and was himself, as the *given*, agreeably brought to mind every Saturday.

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